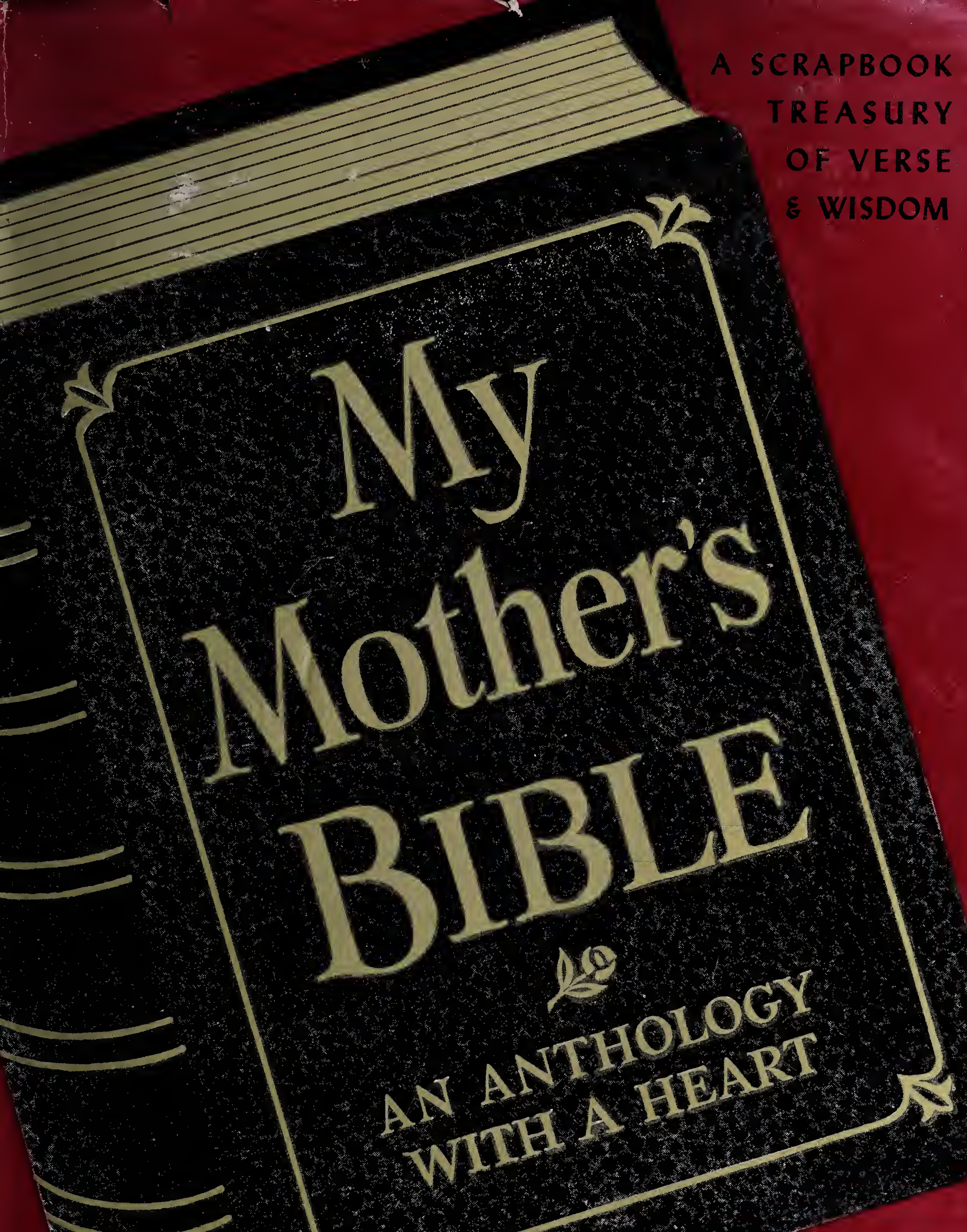
A SCRAPBOOK
TREASURY
OF VERSE
& WISDOM



My Mother's BIBLE

AN ANTHOLOGY WITH A HEART

Edited and Introduction
By DOUGLAS LURTON

A treasury of lasting wisdom illuminating the Scriptures

This memorable anthology was compiled during the entire lifetime of a tenderly sensitive woman. Beginning in girlhood and during an inspiring life to the very end she underscored loved passages in her big, mellow Bible, clipped and pasted within its covers and inserted within its sheltering leaves cuttings from books and periodicals and notations on slips of paper, the most beautiful thoughts she found expressing her experiences and moods. No cold editorial selections are offered here. The verses of ecstasy were picked in periods of elation during girlhood and womanhood. The expressions of joy and thankfulness were prompted by current emotions when chosen; the verses of grief, when loved ones died; the selections of anguish, when in suffering; the finding of consolation, when heartbreak was near. She intended this choice work for her own loving use and for her children, but unwittingly she compiled one of the greatest anthologies in existence — *an anthology with a heart!* Her son has extracted her selections from the Bible and arranged them with her inserted clippings of both famous and unknown writers in this treasury of a lifetime.

$2.50

To Peggy
with the hope that
this will mean as
much to you
as it has to me
Daddy
Dec 1941

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My
Mother's
Bible

Books edited by
Douglas Lurton

THE JEFFERSON BIBLE
(The Life and Morals of Jesus)

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE

EDITED BY DOUGLAS LURTON

My Mother's BIBLE

A SCRAPBOOK TREASURY OF VERSE AND WISDOM

WILFRED FUNK, INC. PUBLISHERS

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To the

Memory of My Mother

Alice Babbitt Lurton

(1871–1930)

and to

Your Mother

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE

This book is all that's left me now,
  Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
  I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
  Here is our family tree;
My mother's hand this Bible clasped;
  She, dying, gave it me.

Ah, well do I remember those
  Whose names these records bear,
Who round the hearthstone used to close
  After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
  In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
  Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
  To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
  Who leaned God's word to hear.
Her angel face—I see it yet!
  What thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
  Within the halls of home!

Thus truest friend man ever knew,
  Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false I found thee true,
  My counsellor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give
  That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
  It taught me how to die.

George P. Morris

(A fading clipping of this beautiful poem is pasted within the first cover of my mother's Bible and forms the perfect introduction. *D.L.*)

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CONTENTS

Foreword xv
Kindness 1
Friendship 29
Home 44
Mother 67
Children 86
Love 108
Old Age 126
Wisdom 135
Duty 148
Courage 156
Faith 166
Happiness 198
Suffering 207
Comfort 231
Patience 240
Fear 248
Hope 258
Death 266
Rest 298
Commandments 308
Contentment 324
Beauty 343
Prayer 348

MY LEGACY—A Foreword

This book is all that's left me now,
  Tears will unbidden start—
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
  I press it to my heart. . . .

My mother's hand this Bible clasped;
  She, dying, gave it me. . . .*

My mother was the wife of the schoolmaster of small friendly towns so she left to me no broad acres or sparkling necklaces but rather the infinitely more precious treasure that is her mellowed old Bible with best-loved passages underscored and covers bulging to hold within their clasp a lifetime's horde of clippings—and loving memories.

Down through the years I have carried a softly changing picture of my mother with her beloved book—from those earliest days of recollection when I was fascinated by the light playing on the waves of her auburn hair and the soft flowing of her voice as she read to me passages of her Bible or the clippings she inserted within its sheltering leaves, to the later years when other and dimming lights shone on the silvered head bowed over the book to which she always turned so confidently.

It would be difficult for me to believe that there was any time in which she failed to find what she sought in and between the pages of that book in which she had penned as the girl, this quotation:

---

* From "My Mother's Bible" by George P. Morris.

MY SYMPHONY

To study hard—think quietly, talk gently, act frankly—to listen to stars and birds—to babes and sages—to let the *spiritual* unbidden and unconscious grow up through its communion—this is my symphony.

And this request:

Put any burden upon me
    only sustain me,
Send me anywhere
    only go with me—
Sever any tie but the
    one that binds me
To thy service and to thy heart.

And this plea:

Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

Psalm 139.23.24.

During the dozen years I have followed the admonition my mother wrote on the title leaf of her Bible: "To Douglas . . . Study it out . . . Pray it in . . . Put it down . . . Pass it on . . ." I have come to the realization that while many anthologies have been compiled by editors working under cold, automatic rules and often only confirming the work of the predecessors, there has, perhaps, never before been such an intimate heart-warming selection of beautiful verse and other choice writing as this.

The reason is, simply, that my mother's Bible scrapbook was compiled during the entire lifetime of a tenderly sensitive woman. Beginning in girlhood when her mother gave her the book and during an inspiring life she underscored the passages that meant most to her, clipped and pasted within its covers, placed between its pages cuttings from books and periodicals and notations on slips of paper, the most beautiful thoughts she found, expressing her experiences and moods and inspiring her way of life while those thoughts and moods and inspirations were being lived.

There is no cold editorial selection offered here. The verses of ecstasy were selected in periods of elation during girlhood and womanhood. The expressions of joy and thankfulness were prompted by current emotions in the choosing; the verses of grief, when loved ones died; the words of anguish when her soul was tortured or body was wracked during years with an injured limb in casts; the findings of consolation when heartbreak was near; the philosophies of aging when the more tranquil years came with their comforting certainties.

She intended this work for her own loving use and for her children, but unwittingly compiled a memorable anthology with a heart. I have followed her admonition to "study it out" and "pray it in" and, in a way I am sure she had not intended I now "put it down" by extracting her selections from the Bible and arranging them with her inserted clippings of both famous and unknown writers in this treasury of verse and wisdom.

Apparently there is a Biblical passage or a verse to note every high or low point of life for throughout this Bible are dates, names, initials, notations of places, by lines most intimate to the occasion. In most instances these have been omitted as a matter of inviolable privacy or because of lack of any general interest.

Diligent efforts have been made to trace the authors and sources of passages in this volume to secure proper permission for use. In some cases all efforts failed and yet I could not bear to leave the verse or passage out and must crave indulgence for any such omissions.

This is my legacy.

I "pass it on." DOUGLAS LURTON

KINDNESS

31] *Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice:*
32] *And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.*

EPHESIANS 4.

They helped every one his neighbour; and every one said to his brother, Be of good courage.

ISAIAH 41.6.

A WORD

As the golden notes
  Of a gladsome bird,
So is the music
  Of a gracious word.

As the swift passage
  Of a startled bird,
So is the wounding
  Of a thoughtless word.

EDWIN LEIBFREED.

And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.

MALACHI 3.17.

From AFTERWHILES

. . . . . .

Afterwhile—and one intends
To be gentler to his friends—
To walk with them, in the hush
Of still evenings, o'er the plush
Of home-leading fields, and stand
Long at parting, hand in hand:
One, in time, will joy to take
New resolves for someone's sake,
And wear then the look that lies
Clear and pure in other eyes—
He will soothe and reconcile
His own conscience—afterwhile.

. . . . . .

Ah, the endless afterwhiles!—
Leagues on leagues, and miles on miles,
In the distance far withdrawn,
Stretching on, and on, and on,
Till the fancy is footsore
And faints in the dust before
The last milestone's granite face,
Hacked with: Here Beginneth Space.
O far glimmering worlds and wings,
Mystic smiles and beckonings,
Lead us, through the shadowy aisles
Out into the afterwhiles.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Men are great only as they are kind.

Anonymous.

Keep us, O God, from pettiness; let us be large in thought, in word, in deed.

Let us be done with fault-finding and leave off self-seeking.

May we put away all pretense and meet each other face to face, without self-pity and without prejudice.

May we be never hasty in judgment and always generous.

Teach us to put into action our better impulses, straightforward and unafraid.

Let us take time for all things; make us grow calm, serene, gentle.

Grant that we may realize it is the little things that create differences; that in the big things of life we are as one.

And may we strive to touch and to know the great common woman's heart of us all, and *O Lord God, let us not forget to be kind.*

Anonymous.

13] *Curse the whisperer and double tongued for he hath destroyed many that were at peace.*

14] *A third person's tongue hath shaken many, and dispersed them from nation to nation;*

15] *and it hath pulled down strong cities, and overthrown the houses of great men.*

16] *A third person's tongue hath cast out brave women, and deprived them of their labours.*

17] *He that harkeneth to it shall not find rest, nor shall he dwell quietly.*

18] *The stroke of a whip maketh a mark in the flesh; but the stroke of a tongue will break bones.*

Sirach 28.

Have you ever noticed how much of Christ's life was spent in doing kind things, in merely doing kind things? Run over it with that in view and you will find that He spent a great proportion of His time simply in making people happy—in doing good turns to people. There is only one thing greater than happiness in the world and that is, holiness; and that is not in our keeping; but what God has put in our power is the happiness of those about us, and that is largely to be secured by our being kind to them.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

And through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish, for whom Christ died?

I CORINTHIANS 8.11.

The parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers it shows that his heart is not an island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them. If he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm. If he easily pardons and remits offences, it shows that his mind is planted above injuries, and can not be shot. If he be thankful for small benefits, it shows he weighs men's minds, and not their trash. But above all, if he have St. Paul's perfection, that he could wish to be an anathema from Christ for the salvation of his brethren, it shows much of a divine nature and a kind of conformity with Christ himself.

FRANCIS BACON.

Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another.

Romans 12.10.

For of him a guest is mindful all the days of his life, even of the host that shows him loving-kindness.

Homer.

Put them in mind to be subject to principalities and powers, to obey magistrates, to be ready to every good work.

2] *To speak evil of no man, to be not brawlers, but gentle, shewing all meekness unto all men.*

3] *For we ourselves also were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful, and hating one another.*

4] *But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man appeared.*

5] *Not by words of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost.*

6] *Which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour.*

7] *That being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life.*

8] *This is a faithful saying, and these things I will that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works. These things are good and profitable unto men.*

Titus 3.

Have we not all one father? hath not one God created us? why do we deal treacherously every man against his brother, by profaning the covenant of our fathers?

MALACHI 2.10.

THINGS TO FORGET

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,
A leader of men, marching fearless and proud,
And you know of a tale whose mere telling aloud
Would cause his proud head to in anguish be bowed,
It's a pretty
good plan
to forget it!

If you know of a skeleton hidden away
In a closet and guarded and kept from the day,
In the dark; and whose showing, whose sudden display
Would cause grief and sorrow and lifelong dismay,
It's a pretty
good plan
to forget it!

If you know of a thing that will darken the joy
Of a man or a woman, a girl or a boy,
That will wipe out a smile or the least way annoy
A fellow, or cause any gladness to cloy,
It's a pretty
good plan
to forget it!

ANONYMOUS

9] *Debate thy cause with thy neighbour himself: and discover not a secret to another:*

10] *Lest he that heareth it put thee to shame, and thine infamy turn not away.*

PROVERBS 25.

Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2] *He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.*

3] *He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.*

PSALM 15.

Never believe anything bad about anybody unless you positively know it is true; never tell even that, unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary and that God is listening while you tell it.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

A forward man soweth strife: and a whisperer separateth chief friends.

PROVERBS 16.28.

Wherefore laying aside all malice, and all guile, and hypocrisies, and envies, and all evil speakings,

2] *As newborn babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby:*

3] *If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious.*

1 PETER 2.

13] *For it is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.*

14] *Do all things without murmurings and disputings: . . .*

16] *Holding forth the word of life; that I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither laboured in vain.*

PHILIPPIANS 2.

FOR OTHERS

There are wonderful souls who live about,
With a calling all their own;
Who do the tasks that the rest forget,
Don't want to, or leave alone.

They do the so-called *"little things,"*
That never receive applause;
The tedious, grinding, wearing tasks,
That must be done for the "Cause."

And often others receive the praise
For the labor, thus well done;
Yet not a murmur escapes their lips,
Nor a claim to the laurels won.

They live for OTHERS by deed and word;
'Tis the creed they believe and love;
Though never receiving their rightful due,
They're akin to the God above.

JOHN S. BROWN.

THE LITTLE THINGS

If any little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word
And take my bit of singing,
And drop it in some lonely vale
To set the echoes ringing.

If any little love of mine
May make a life the sweeter,
If any little care of mine
May make a friend's the fleeter,
If any little lift may ease
The burden of another,
God give me love, and care, and strength
To help my toiling brother.

Anonymous.

27] *Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it.*

28] *Say not unto thy neighbour, Go, and come again, and tomorrow I will give; when thou hast it by thee.*

29] *Devise not evil against thy neighbour, seeing he dwelleth securely by thee.*

Proverbs 3.

. . . *a soft tongue breaketh the bone.*

Proverbs 25.15.

A MEMORY SYSTEM

Forget each kindness that you do
As soon as you have done it;
Forget the praise that falls to you
The moment you have won it;
Forget the slander that you hear
Before you can repeat it;
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer,
Wherever you may meet it.

Remember every kindness done
To you, whate'er its measure;
Remember praise by others won,
And pass it on with pleasure;
Remember every promise made
And keep it to the letter,
Remember those who lend you aid,
And be a grateful debtor.

Remember all the happiness
That comes your way in living;
Forget each worry and distress,
Be hopeful and forgiving;
Remember good, remember truth,
Remember heaven's above you,
And you will find, through age and youth,
True joys, and hearts to love you.

Anonymous.

So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Psalm 90.12.

7] *How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of thy wings.*

10] *O continue thy lovingkindness unto them that know thee; and thy righteousness to the upright in heart.*

PSALM 36.

LITTLE THINGS

'Tis just the little things of life
That make the day a glad song—or,
Just strife;
The little things we cannot understand—
Forgotten kindly word, or touch on hand—
That leave the hurt;
That parting word that might have been
A shade the softer;
The parting glance that might have left
Just love and laughter
But did not. So
'Tis just the little things of life
That make the day a glad song—or
Just strife.

JANE KING.

Let brotherly love continue.

2] *Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.*

3] *Remember them that are in bonds, as bound with them; and them which suffer adversity, as being yourselves also in the body.*

HEBREWS 13.

He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again.

PROVERBS 19.17.

If there be some weaker one,
Give me strength to help him on.
If a blinded soul there be,
Let me guide him nearer Thee;
Make my mortal dreams come true,
With the work I fain would do;
Clothe with life, the weak interest,
Let me be the thing I meant,
Let me find in thy employ,
Peace, that dearer is than joy.
Out of self, to love be led,
And to Heaven acclimated,
Until all things sweet and good,
Seem my nature habitude.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

41] *And Jesus sat over against the treasury, and beheld how the people cast money into the treasury: and many that were rich cast in much.*

42] *And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing.*

43] *And he called unto him his disciples, and saith unto them, Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury:*

44] *For all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.*

MARK 12.

But to do good and to communicate forget not: for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.

Hebrews 13.16.

TOO LATE

Friends! in this world of hurry
  And work and sudden end—
If a thought comes quick of doing
  A kindness to a friend—
Do it this very instant!
  Don't put it off—don't wait!
What's the use of doing a kindness
  If you do it a day too late?

Charles Kingsley.

5] *As thou knowest not what is the way of the spirit, nor how the bones do grow in the womb of her that is with child: even so thou knowest not the works of God who maketh all.*

6] *In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.*

Ecclesiastes 11.

The sane, strong, brave, heroic souls of all ages were the men who, in the natural order of things, have lived above all considerations of pay or glory. They have served not as slaves hoping for reward, but as gods who would take no reward.

David Starr Jordan.

For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed; but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee.

Isaiah 54.10.

All good awaits the man whose desire to serve is the dominant passion of his life.

Charles M. Sheldon.

THE SIN OF OMISSION

It isn't the thing you do, dear,
  It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of a heartache
  At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
  The letter you did not write,
The flower you might have sent, dear,
  Are your haunting ghosts tonight.

The stone you might have lifted
  Out of a brother's way,
The bit of heartsome counsel
  You were hurried too much to say,
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
  The gentle and winsome tone
That you had no time nor thought for,
  With troubles enough of your own.

These little acts of kindness,
  So easily out of mind,
These chances to be angels
  Which even mortals find—
They come in night and silence,
  Each chill reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
  And the blight has dropped on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
  And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
  That tarries until too late.
And it's not the thing you do, dear,
  It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you the bitter heartache
  At the setting of the sun.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Don't *say* things. What you *are* stands over you the while, and thunders so that I cannot hear what you say to the contrary.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

HELPING LAME DOGS

Do the work that's nearest,
Though its dull at whiles
Helping, when we meet them
  Lame dogs over stiles.
See in every hedgerow
Marks of angel's feet
Epics in every pebble
  Underneath our feet.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

31] *When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory:*

32] *And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats:*

33] *And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.*

34] *Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world:*

35] *For I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in:*

36] *Naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me.*

37] *Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee? or thirsty, and gave thee drink?*

38] *When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in? or naked, and clothed thee?*

39] *Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee?*

40] *And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.*

41] *Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels:*

42] *For I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:*

43] *I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.*

44] *Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?*

45] *Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily I say unto you,* *Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.*

46] *And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.*

Matthew 25.

"Judge not; the working of his brain
And of his heart, thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field
Where thou woulds't only faint and yield."

Adelaide Proctor.

VALUES

There is no little and there is no much;
We weigh and measure and define in vain.
A look, a word, a light, responsive touch
Can be the minister of joy to pain.
A man can die of hunger walled in gold,
A crumb may quicken hope to stronger breath,
And every day we give or we withhold
Some little thing which tells for life or death.

Susan Coolidge.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion: it is easy in solitude to live after our own: but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

This is my commandment, That ye love one another.

JOHN 15.12.

FORGIVE ME NOW

When I am dead, forget me, dear,
  For I shall never know,
Though o'er my cold and lifeless hands
  Your burning tears should flow;
I'll cancel with my living voice
  The debt you'll owe the dead—
Give me the love you'd show me then
  But give it now instead.

What saints we are when we are gone!
  But what's the use to me
Of praises written on my tomb
  For other eyes to see?
One little simple word of praise
  By lips we worship said,
Is worth a hundred epitaphs—
  Dear, say it now instead.

And faults that now are hard to bear
  Oblivion then shall win;
Our sins are soon forgiven us
  When we no more can sin.
But any bitter thought of me—
  Keep it, for when I'm dead—
I shall not know, I shall not care,
  Forgive me now instead.

LADY CONGRAVE.

If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink.

PROVERBS 25.21.

3] *Wherefore have we fasted, say they, and thou seest not? wherefore have we afflicted our soul, and thou takest no knowledge? Behold, in the day of your fast ye find pleasure, and exact all your labours.*

4] *Behold, ye fast for strife and debate, and to smite with the fist of wickedness: ye shall not fast as ye do this day, to make your voice to be heard on high.*

5] *Is it such a fast that I have chosen? a day for a man to afflict his soul? is it to bow down his head as a bulrush, and to spread sackcloth and ashes under him? wilt thou call this a fast, and an acceptable day to the Lord?*

6] *Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and to let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?*

7] *Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry, and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? when thou seest the naked, that thou cover him; and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh?*

ISAIAH 58.

He that despiseth his neighbour sinneth: but he that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he.

PROVERBS 14.21.

Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you.

MATTHEW 20.4.

10] *Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do: do it with thy might.*
ECCLESIASTES 9.

BE PATIENT

They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow
And trying to keep pace; if they mistake,
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor hope until it bleed,
We must be mute,
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the way—
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find!
We see them, for not blind
Is love. We see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them, some by and by,
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less—
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours;
We see so differently in sun and showers.
Mistaken words to-night
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light.
We must be patient; for we know
There's such a little way to go.

GEORGE KLINGLE.

So that contrariwise ye ought rather to forgive him, and comfort him, lest perhaps such a one should be swallowed up with overmuch sorrow.

2 CORINTHIANS 2.7.

Jesus went unto the mount of Olives.

2] *And early in the morning he came again into the temple, and all the people came unto him; and he sat down, and taught them.*

3] *And the scribes and Pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery; and when they had set her in the midst,*

4] *They say unto him, Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act.*

5] *Now Moses in the law commanded us, that such should be stoned: but what sayest thou?*

6] *This they said, tempting him, that they might have to accuse him. But Jesus stooped down, and with his finger wrote on the ground, as though he heard them not.*

7] *So when they continued asking him, he lifted up himself, and said unto them. He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.*

8] *And again he stooped down, and wrote on the ground.*

9] *And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last: and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst.*

10] *When Jesus had lifted up himself, and saw none but the woman, he said unto her, Woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man condemned thee?*

11] *She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.*

JOHN 8.

Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.

2] *Give a portion to seven, and also to eight; for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth.*

Ecclesiastes 11.

From THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL

Not what we give but what we share—
For the gift without the giver is bare;
"Who gives himself with his alms feeds three:
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me!"

James Russell Lowell.

12] *Then said he also to him that bade him, When thou makest a dinner or a supper, call not thy friends, nor thy brethren, neither thy kinsmen, nor thy rich neighbours; lest they also bid thee again, and a recompense be made thee.*

13] *But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind.*

14] *And thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.*

Luke 14.

When the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them.

Isaiah 41.17.

"I can forgive, but I cannot forget," is only another way of saying, "I cannot forgive."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

21] *Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?*

22] *Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but Until seventy times seven.*

MATTHEW 18.

TO KNOW ALL IS TO FORGIVE ALL

If I knew you and you knew me,
  If both of us could clearly see,
And with an inner sight divine
  The meaning of your heart, and mine,
I'm sure that we would differ less
  And clasp our hands in friendliness;
Our thoughts would pleasantly agree
  If I knew you and you knew me.

If I knew you and you knew me,
  As each one knows his own-self, we
Could look each other in the face
  And see therein a truer grace.
Life has so many hidden woes,
  So many thorns for every rose;
The "Why" of things our hearts would see,
  If I knew you and you knew me.

NIXON WATERMAN.

So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses.

MATTHEW 18.35.

From WHEN THE HEART GOES ON A STRIKE

Gee! It feels so good to live
When you let your heart forgive,
Jes forgive and then forget,
Nothin's ever beat that yet.

. . . . . .

Hear that robin spill his song,
Makes you 'shamed o' doin' wrong,
Somethin' in that fellow's note
Starts a ticklin' in your throat,
An' you jes can't help but sing,
Drat the temptin' little thing!

EDWIN LEIBFREED.

And above all things have fervent charity among yourselves: for charity shall cover the multitude of sins.

I PETER 4.

12] *Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.*

13] *Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.*

14] *Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.*

PSALM 19.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2] *And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.*

3] *And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.*

4] *Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.*

5] *Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;*

6] *Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;*

7] *Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.*

8] *Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.*

9] *For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.*

10] *But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.*

11] *When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.*

12] *For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.*

13] *And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.*

1 CORINTHIANS 13.

From THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shows the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute of God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

13] *The Lord looketh from heaven; he beholdeth all the sons of men.*

14] *From the place of his habitation he looketh upon all the inhabitants of the earth.*

15] *He fashioneth their hearts alike; he considereth all their works. . . .*

18.] *Behold, the eye of the Lord is upon them that fear him, upon them that hope in his mercy:*

PSALM 33.

Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual, restore such an one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted.

2] *Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.*

3] *For if a man think himself to be something, when he is nothing, he deceiveth himself.*

4] *But let every man prove his own work, and then shall he have rejoicing in himself alone, and not in another.*

5] *For every man shall bear his own burden.*

6] *Let him that is taught in the word communicate unto him that teacheth in all good things.*

7] *Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.*

8] *For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.*

9] *And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.*

10] *As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.*

GALATIANS 6.

SIMPLE, BUT

There's a simple little epitaph
In France, so far away.
It reads, "For your tomorrow
They have given their today."

L. ISAACS.

THEY ARE SLAVES WHO FEAR TO SPEAK

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think.
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right two or three.

James Russell Lowell.

These are the things that ye shall do; Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbour; execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates:

Zechariah 8.16.

KINDNESS

So many Gods, so many Creeds,
  So many ways that wind and wind,
While just the art of being kind
  Is all this sad world needs!

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

FRIENDSHIP

34] *A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another.*

35] *By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.*

JOHN 13.

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley; "tell me that I may make mine beautiful, too."

He replied simply, "I had a friend."

IF ALL WHO HATE WOULD LOVE US

If all who hate would love us,
And all our loves were true,
The stars that swing above us
  Would brighten in the blue.
If cruel words were kisses,
  And every scowl a smile,
A better world than this is
  Would hardly be worth while:
If purses would not tighten
  To meet a brother's need,
The load we bear would brighten
  Above the grave of greed.

If those who whine would whistle,
And those who languish laugh,
The rose would rout the thistle,
The grain outrun the chaff;
If hearts were only jolly,
If grieving were forgot,
And tears of melancholy
Were things that now are not;
Then love would kneel to duty,
And all the world would seem
A bridal bower of beauty,
A dream within a dream.

If men would cease to worry,
And women cease to sigh,
And all be glad to bury
Whatever has to die;
If neighbor spake of neighbor,
As love demands of all,
The rust would eat the saber,
The spear stay on the wall.
Then every day would glisten,
And every eye would shine,
And God would pause to listen,
And life would be divine.

James Newton Matthews.

37] *Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind.*

38] *This is the first and great commandment.*

39] *And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.*

Matthew 22.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said:
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered: "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still: and said: "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great awakening light,
And shewed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

12] *And Moses said unto the Lord, See, thou sayest unto me, Bring up this people: and thou hast not let me know whom thou wilt send with me. Yet thou hast said, I know thee by name, and thou hast also found grace in my sight.*

13] *Now therefore, I pray thee, if I have found grace in thy sight, shew me now thy way, that I may know thee, that I may find grace in thy sight: . . .*

14] *And he said, My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.*

EXODUS 33.

Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.

Romans 12.15.

SAY IT NOW

If you have a friend worth loving,
  Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him, ere life's evening
  Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend—till he is dead?

Anonymous.

He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow he will weep,
If thou wake he cannot sleep.

Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part;
There are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

William Shakespeare.

I have read and well I believe it, that a friend is in prosperity, a pleasure; in adversity, a solace; in grief, a comfort; in joy, a merry companion. I can not tell whether the immortal gods have bestowed any gift upon mortal men, either more noble or more necessary than friendship.

John Fletcher.

A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.

PROVERBS 17.17.

Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.

PROVERBS 27.6.

Let the soul be assured that somewhere in the universe it should rejoin its friend, and it would be content and cheerful alone for a thousand years.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

DESIDERATA

I Good health.
II 2 to 3 hundred a year.
III O du Lieber Gott, *Friends!*
Amen.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A friend is a person before whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand, and seek God.

PSALM 14.2.

A FRIEND

Around the corner I have a friend
In this great city that has no end;
Yet days go by, and weeks rush on,
And before I know it a year has gone,
And I never see my old friend's face,
For Life is a swift and terrible race.
He knows I like him just as well
As in the days when I rang his bell,
And he rang mine. We were younger then,
And now we are busy, tired men:
Tired with playing a foolish game,
Tired with trying to make a name.
"Tomorrow," I say, "I will call on Jim,
Just to show that I'm thinking of him."
But tomorrow comes, and tomorrow goes,
And the distance between us grows and grows.
Around the corner!—yet miles away . . .
"Here's a telegram, sir." . . .
"Jim died today."
And that's what we get, and deserve in the end:
Around the corner, a vanished friend.

Charles Hanson Towne.

Human happiness and misery are largely an affair of what people are saying to each other. When we remember we can make hell or heaven by words, it is amazing we are not more careful of them. Indeed, the taming of the tongue has hardly yet begun.

J. Brierley.

Is any among you afflicted? let him pray. Is any merry? let him sing psalms.

James 5.13.

8] *Owe no man anything, but to love one another: for he that loveth another hath fulfilled the law.*

9] *For this, Thou shalt not commit adultery, Thou shalt not kill, Thou shalt not steal, Thou shalt not bear false witness, Thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.*

10] *Love worketh no ill to his neighbour: therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.*

Romans 13.

From IN MEMORIAM

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near in woe and weel;
O loved the most, when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher;

Known and unknown; human, divine;
Sweet human hand and lips and eye;
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, forever, ever mine;

Strange friend, past, present, and to be;
Love deeplier, darklier understood;
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
  I hear thee where the waters run;
  Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then? I cannot guess;
  But tho' I seem in star and flower
  To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:

My love involves the love before;
  My love is vaster passion now;
  Tho' mix'd with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
  I have thee still, and I rejoice;
  I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho' I die.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided; they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

2 SAMUEL 1.23.

Hope unlocks the temple doors. Despair rusts the keys.

A. H. RYDER.

A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for.

BROWNING.

FATHER'S DAY

The world is filled with verse and song
  For mother; that, we've always had—
And somehow, fellers, it seems wrong
  There isn't just as much for dad!
And, while I'm no accomplished bard,
  I could, without a pause or stop,
Run off the verses by the yard
  In honor of my dear old Pop!

A dad will back you in a pinch;
  He's there when others fall away;
When friendships fail and others flinch
  Your dad will come to save the day.
Who was it, when you went to school,
  That paid for all the extra breaks?
Who never gave you glances cool
  Because you ate the sirloin steaks?

Who was it told you not to save
  Regardless of his own tough grind,
When he was working like a slave
  With only your advance in mind?
When things were going not so good,
  Who was it slapped you on the back
And paid for your last winter's wood
  Because you didn't have the jack?

In tribute earned and long since due
  The greatest friend I've ever had,
I give my praise and song to you,
  My pal, my father, and my dad!

Cal Waldron.

A man that hath friends must shew himself friendly: and there is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

PROVERBS 18.24.

TO AN OLD FRIEND

Now when the sweet sunny weather
  Quickens all that once was dead.
    I remember how we two,
    You and I, I and you,
Wandered about the streets together,
  Reading the books that had to be read,
  Saying the things that cannot be said.

The world was young and we were younger
  In those bright forgotten days;
    I remember how we two,
    You and I, I and you,
Read and read for the spirit's hunger,
  Walked in the old familiar ways,
  Talked and talked for each other's praise.

The world is young, but we are older,
  Many a book we shall read no more—
    I remember how we two,
    You and I, I and you,
Vowed that love should not grow colder,
  That we would love as we loved before,
  And the years should make us love the more.

MARY E. COLERIDGE.

ALWAYS A FEW

Always in life there are always a few
People like—well, there were people I knew
Who said very little, who never said much
Concerning affection and friendship and such.
Others might flatter and others might say
The regular things in the regular way,
But always in life there were always a few
Who said very little—who knew that I knew.

Yes, I thank heaven it sometimes will send
Someone like—well, who is more than a friend,
Someone who seldom will speak of the bond
That holds us together, but someone so fond
No slander can alter, nor even the truth,
No moment of weakness, no folly of youth;
Someone to trust me, and trust to the end,
Someone like—well, who is more than a friend.

Always in life there are always a few
People like—well, I have known one or two
Who always were handy with things at the worst,
And they were the ones that I turned to the first.
Though there were friends that I fondly recall,
Yet there were some that were dearer than all:
Always in life there are always a few
People like—well, there are people like you!

DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

6] *Forget not a friend in thy soul; and be not unmindful of him.*

SIRACH 37.

7] *Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God.*

8] *He that loveth not knoweth not God: for God is love.*

9] *In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.*

10] *Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.*

11] *Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another.*

I JOHN 4.

In love and friendship, small steady payments on a gold basis are better than immense promissory notes. Nor, indeed, is it always necessary to put the message into words at all, nor even to convey it by a tangible token. To feel it and to act it out—that is the main thing.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

9] *He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in darkness even until now.*

10] *He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him.*

11] *But he that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes.*

12] *I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake.*

I JOHN 2.

THE HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

Let me live in a house by the side of the road
  Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
  As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat
  Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
  And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
  By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press with the ardor of hope,
  The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears,
  Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
  And be a friend to man.

. . . . . .

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
  It's here the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
  Wise, foolish—so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
  Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
  And be a friend to man.

Sam Walter Foss.

. . . *thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.*

Leviticus 19.18.

From THE ANCIENT MARINER

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge.

7] *For none of us liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself.*

8] *For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.*

9] *For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that he might be Lord both of the dead and the living.*

10] *But why dost thou judge thy brother? or why dost thou set at nought thy brother? for we shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ.*

11] *For it is written, As I live, saith the Lord, every knee shall bow to me, and every tongue shall confess to God.*

12] *So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God.*

13] *Let us not therefore judge one another any more: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumblingblock or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.*

Romans 14.

It may be dark and rainy,
  But they are tried and true.
The ones that you rely on
  Are the always faithful few.

Tyler Key Stone.

16] *These six things doth the Lord hate: yea, seven are an abomination unto him:*

17] *A proud look, a lying tongue, and hands that shed innocent blood,*

18] *An heart that deviseth wicked imaginations, feet that be swift in running to mischief,*

19] *A false witness that speaketh lies, and he that soweth discord among brethren.*

PROVERBS 6.

THE GOOD LIFE

Then away with Longing, and ho! for Labor!
And ho! for Love—Each one for his Neighbor,
For a Life of Labor and Study and Love
Is the Life that fits for the Joy above.

ANONYMOUS.

HOME

3] *Through wisdom is an house builded; and by understanding it is established:*

4] *And by knowledge shall the chambers be filled with all precious and pleasant riches.*

PROVERBS 24.

THE NEW HOUSE

Is the house not homely yet?
There let pleasant thoughts be set;
With bright eyes and hurried feet,
There let severed friendships meet,
There let sorrow learn to smile,
And sweet talk the nights beguile.

Thus shall each, a friendly elf,
Leave you something of himself,
Something dear and kind and true
That will stay and talk with you.

They shall go, but one and all
Leave their faces on the wall,
Leave brave words of hope and love
Legendwise inscribed above.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE LITTLE HOMES OF LAUGHTER

The little homes of laughter can be found on many a street,
And it's there that men and women in the bonds of friendship meet;
Oh, the mansions on the highway may be handsomer to see,
And the rich man's lawn be lovely, with the bloom of plant and tree,
But the glory of the nation and its strength from day to day
Are the little homes of laughter where the children romp and play.

. . . .

The little homes of laughter, homes the thousands know and keep,
Where the mothers croon at evening as they rock their babes to sleep,
And the fathers in their shirt sleeves find some little task to do—
Oh, it's there you'll see the glory of the old red, white and blue;
In the little homes of laughter, standing North, South, East or West,
It is there you'll see the nation at its finest and its best.

EDGAR A. GUEST.

The Lord will give strength unto his people; the Lord will bless his people with peace.

PSALM 29.11.

25] *The hay is carried, and the tender grass sheweth itself, and the herds of the mountains are gathered in.*

26] *The lambs are for thy clothing, and the goats are the price of the field;*

27] *And there will be goat's milk enough for thy food, and maintenance for thy maidens.*

HEZEKIAH 27.

A PRAYER FOR THE KITCHEN WALL

My labor make me glad!
  May I have eyes to see
Beauty in this plain room
  Where I am called to be:
The scent of clean blue smoke,
  The old pans polished bright,
The kettle's chuckling joke,
  The red flames' lovely light.
May I have wit to take
  The joy that round me lies.
Whether I brew or bake,
  My labor make me wise!

My labor make me sweet!
  When twilight folds the earth,
May I have grace to smile,
  And count the day's good worth.
An old song in my soul
  And quiet in my breast,
To welcome tranquility
  The night's old gift of rest,
And gather strength to face
  Tomorrow's busy strife.
Here in this humble place,
  My labor bless my life!

NANCY BYRD TURNER.

And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us. . . .

ISAIAH 15.9.

IKE WALTON'S PRAYER

I crave, dear Lord,
No boundless hoard
Of gold and gear,
  Nor jewels fine,
  Nor lands, nor kine,
Nor treasure-heaps of anything.—
  Let but a little hut be mine
Where at the hearthstone I may hear
  The cricket sing,
  And have the shine
Of one glad woman's eyes to make,
For my poor sake,
  Our simple home a place divine;—
Just the wee cot—the cricket's chirr—
Love, and the smiling face of her.
I pray not for
Great riches, nor
  For vast estates, and castle-halls,—
  Give me to hear the bare footfalls
    Of children o'er
    An oaken floor,
  New-rinsed with sunshine, or bespread
  With but the tiny coverlet
  And pillow for the baby's head:
And, pray Thou, may
The door stand open and the day
  Send ever in a gentle breeze,
  With fragrance from the locust-trees,
    And drowsy moan of doves, and blur
  Of robin-chirps, and drone of bees,

With afterhushes of the stir
Of intermingling sounds, and then
The good-wife and the smile of her
Filling the silences again—
The cricket's call,
And the wee cot,
Dear Lord of all,
Deny me not!
I pray not that
Men tremble at
My power of place
And lordly sway,—
I only pray for simple grace
To look my neighbor in the face
Full honestly from day to day—
Yield me his horny palm to hold,
And I'll not pray
For gold;—
The tanned face, garlanded with mirth,
It hath the kingliest smile on earth—
The swart brow, diamonded with sweat,
Hath never need of coronet.
And so I reach,
Dear Lord, to Thee,
And do beseech
Thou givest me
The wee cot, and the cricket's chirr,
Love, and the glad sweet face of her!

James Whitcomb Riley.

22] *Better is the life of a poor man under a shelter of logs, than sumptuous fare in another man's house.*

Sirach 29.

OUR NEW HOUSE

Do you remember, Heart's Desire,
  The night when Hallowe'en first came?
The newly dedicated fire,
  The hearth unsanctified by flame?

How anxiously we swept the bricks
  (How tragic, were the draft not right!)
And then the blaze enwrapt the sticks
  And filled the room with dancing light.

We could not speak, but only gaze,
  Nor half believe what we had seen—
Our home, our heart, our golden blaze,
  Our cider mugs, our Hallowe'en.

And then a thought occurred to me—
  We ran outside with sudden shout
And looked up at the roof, to see
  Our own dear smoke come drifting out.

And of all man's felicities
  The very subtlest one, say I,
Is when for the first time he sees
  His hearthfire smoke against the sky.

Christopher Morley.

. . . the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater.

Isaiah 55.10.

While I live will I praise the Lord.

Psalm 146.

THE KETTLE ALWAYS HOT

There's many a house of grandeur,
  With turret, tower and dome,
That knows not peace nor comfort,
  And does not prove a home,
I do not ask for splendor
  To crown my daily lot;
But this I ask—a kitchen,
  Where the kettle's always hot.

. . . . . .

In my Aunt Hattie's household,
  Though skies outside are drear,
Though times are dark and troubled,
  You'll always find good cheer;
And in her quaint old kitchen,
  The very homeliest spot,
The kettle's always singing,
  The water's always hot.

. . . . . .

Oh, there's naught else so dreary
  In any household found
As a cold and sullen kettle
  That does not make a sound,
And I think that love is lacking
  In the hearts in such a spot,
Or the kettle would be singing,
  And the water would be hot.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Set not thy heart upon thy goods, and say they are sufficient for me.

Sirach 5.1.

THE NEW HOUSEHOLDER

Who sits under my roof-tree?
One whom I have not known;
He dug not the old foundations,
He laid not a single stone;
Where a thousand echoes greet me,
He hears no word nor breath,
And the walls that to me are lettered,
To him are as blank as death.

Here I come as a stranger,
Faring at his behest;
Here he rules as the master,
Greeting a haunted guest;
For, as I sit by his fireside,
Faintly I see and hear
The light of a bygone presence,
The call of an old-time cheer.

Here I wept in the darkness,
(Hark, how the old griefs cry,)
Here she lay in her beauty,
She who can never die.
Aye, tho' he pay the purchase,
I have the right divine;
His is the shell—the shadow—
The soul of the house is mine.

Marion Couthony Smith.

GOODBY, OLD HOUSE

Goodby, old house, so plain and bare,
My footsteps linger on your stair
For the last time. I shall no more
Come back when I have closed your door,
Free of your daily need and care.

To change and chances forth I fare,
'Mid wider ventures strange and rare,
Far from the narrow tasks I bore—
  Goodby, old house.

And yet you at my heartstrings tear
With wistfulness that seems to share
The guise of all loved things of yore,
Begging remembrance. Each new shore
Shall your memorial shadow wear—
  Goodby, old house.

Charlotte Becker.

4] *Shew me thy ways, O Lord; teach me thy paths.*

5] *Lead me in thy truth, and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.*

6] *Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies and thy loving kindnesses; for they have been ever of old.*

7] *Remember not the sins of my youth, nor my transgressions: according to thy mercy remember thou me for thy goodness' sake, O Lord.*

Psalm 25.

THE LIVING ROOM

Here we are in the Living Room,
  All of our loving group together,
And the glow of the wood-fire's warm perfume
  Battled the chill of the outer weather
And then with a sleepy sigh you said,
"Good night, dear ones, I'm going to bed."

Why did there fall such a sense of gloom?
  Why did we sob at the thought of sleep?
When one goes out of the Living Room,
  Must all the rest of the family weep?
When the work is done and the day is sped,
Is it not a time for the restful bed?

Because you are gone from the warmth and light,
  And stepped aside from the fire-lit glow,
Because you have kissed us all Good Night,
  Why must we sorrow and murmur so?
Why do we call the couch a tomb,
Beyond the door of the Living Room?

EDMUND VANCE COOK.

9] *As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you: continue ye in my love.*

10] *If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.*

11] *These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.*

JOHN 15.

12] *Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, longsuffering;*

13] *Forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any: even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye.*

14] *And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness.*

15] *And let the peace of God rule in your hearts, to the which also ye are called in one body; and be ye thankful.*

16] *Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.*

17] *And whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him.*

18] *Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as it is fit in the Lord.*

19] *Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.*

20] *Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.*

21] *Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged.*

22] *Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eyeservice, as menpleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God:*

23] *And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men;*

24] *Knowing that in the Lord ye shall receive the reward of the inheritance: for ye serve the Lord Christ.*

COLOSSIANS 3.

Winnow not with every wind and walk not in every path.

SIRACH 9.1.

A HEAP O' LIVIN'

It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make it home;
A heap o' sun and shadder, and ye sometimes have t' roam
Afore ye really 'preciate the things ye left behind,
An' hunger for 'em somehow, with 'em allus on yer mind.

Home ain't a place that gold can buy or get up in a minute:
Afore it's home there's got t' be a heap o' livin' in it;
Ye've got t' love each brick and stone from cellar up t' dome—
It takes a heap o' livin' in a house t' make it home!

EDGAR A. GUEST.

23] *Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches:*

24] *But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise lovingkindness, judgment, and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord.*

JEREMIAH 9.

If there be therefore any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any bowels and mercies,

2] *Fulfil ye my joy, that ye be likeminded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind.*

3] *Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves.*

4] *Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.*

PHILIPPIANS 2.

Therefore now let it please thee to bless the house of thy servant, that it may continue for ever before thee: for thou, O Lord God, hast spoken it: and with thy blessing let the house of thy servant be blessed for ever.

2 SAMUEL 7.29.

To learn such a simple lesson,
  Need I go to Paris and Rome,
That the many make the household,
  But only one the home?

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

HOME

Without all is cold with winter's austerity,
But blazing logs light all the room cheerily,
  Save in the dim mysterious corners
    Where the blue twilight is lost in darkness.

Beloved, your face is a beautiful battlefield,
Where blue and golden-rose strive for the mastery;
  Quivering flames rising and falling
    Light up your eyes and leave them shadowed.

As all unnoticed I watch her, my Beautiful,
White slender hands enlaced, sitting there dreamily,
  Her work fallen on the floor, unheeded,
    Softly ensnarled by the playful kitten.

My throbbing heart leaps in my breast suddenly,
The room's too small to hold all my love of her,
I seek the outside cold and twilight
With all its limitless, darkling spaces.

I climb the hillside, filled with the infinite
Beauty of nature that speaks to my heart of her,
The mist hides all below save pine trees
Rising above its blue sea like mast heads.

The moon now rises slowly and solemnly;
Touched by her beauty's ever new miracle,
Alone I stand upon my island,
Looking for one to enjoy it with me.

Softly the stars now peer at me questioningly,
Looking for you. My heart, too, is calling you,
The vastness of the earth and heaven
Is but a part of my love, All-dearest. . . .

Swift the door opened, warm hands then drew me in.
Into the heart of her love and the firelight.
"Why did you leave me here, forgotten?"
"I never left you, I took you with me!"

LILLA CABOT PERRY.

3] *But thou, O Lord, art a shield for me; my glory, and the lifter up of mine head. . . .*

5] *I laid me down and slept; I awakened; for the Lord sustained me.*

6] *I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people, that have set themselves against me round about.*

PSALM 3.

WAIT FOR ME!

Wait for me! Wait for me! I am coming!
A bramble caught me and tumbled me down;
I heard a little wild bee's hot humming
Close in the clover's pink and brown.

I saw a bobolink toss and tipple
Over a waft of strawberry scent;
I saw a cloud like a long fish ripple
Over the moon's chip, blurred and bent.

Dragon-flies bluer than flax amazed me;
Drowned in daisies I lost the hours;
Wind from a hundred hilltops dazed me,
Dappled with light rings, laced with flowers.

But wait for me! Wait for me! I am coming
Home to the little house in the town.
Twilight muffles the wild bee's humming.
And you—you know where my heart lies down.

FANNIE STEARNS GIFFORD.

18] *The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.*

19] *Many are the afflictions of the righteous: but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.*

20] *He keepeth all his bones: not one of them is broken. . . .*

23] *The Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants: and none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.*

PSALM 34.

MADE HOME HAPPY

In an old churchyard stood a stone,
All weather-marked and stained,
The hand of time had crumbled it,
And only part remained.
Upon one side I could just trace
"In memory of our mother";
An epitaph which spoke of "home"
Was chiseled on the other.

I'd gazed on monuments of fame,
High towering to the skies;
I'd seen the sculptured marble tower
Where a great hero lies;
But by this epitaph I paused,
And read it o'er and o'er,
For I had never seen inscribed
Such words as these before.

"She always made home happy,"
What noble record this!
A legacy of memory sweet
To those she loved and left:
And what a testimony given
By those who knew her best,
Engraven on this plain, rude stone
That marked their mother's rest!

. . . .

Anonymous.

. . . *Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses.*
Matthew 8.17.

5] *And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy might.*

6] *And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart:*

7] *And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up.*

8] *And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes.*

9] *And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.*

DEUTERONOMY 6.

24] *Brethren and succour are for a time of affliction.*

SIRACH 40.

DREAMS

Some send out their dreams to sea in search of yellow gold,
Some send them in search of fame on explorations bold.
But most of us keep all our dreams within the little space
Where mother sings her gentle songs and children romp and race.

The sailor dreams of cottage walls, the soldier fights and dies
That from a little chimney stack the smoke of peace shall rise.
And men are brave and men are true and men do splendid things
While all the time they seem to hear the song the kettle sings.

Few men there are who toil for gold, and few who toil for fame;
The cherished dreams of most of us are very much the same:
We toil, when all is said and done, and measure our success
By what it brings into the home of love and happiness.

Our dreams are bound to tender things, to laughter and to play,
To brave farewells and welcomes true with every passing day.
If those at home find pride in us and joy in all we do.
Then we rejoice because we've seen our fondest dream come true.

ANONYMOUS.

Now the Lord of peace himself give you peace always by all means.

2 THESSALONIANS 3.16.

8] *Finally, be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous:*

9] *Not rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing: but contrariwise blessing; knowing that ye are thereunto called, that ye should inherit a blessing.*

10] *For he that will love life, and see good days, let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips that they speak no guile.*

PETER 3.

Thought is deeper than all speech
  Feeling deeper than thought;
Soul to soul can never teach
  What unto themselves was taught.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

22] *It is of the Lord's mercies that we are not consumed, because his compassions fail not.*

23] *They are new every morning: great is thy faithfulness.*

24] *The Lord is my portion, saith my soul: Therefore will I hope in him.*

JEREMIAH 3.

MY HOUSE

How blue the moonlight and how still the night.
Silent I ramble through the whole dear house
Setting aright in happy ownership
Whatever may lie out of its due place.
Books in the living room I rearrange,
Then in the dining room my pewter mugs,
And put her little brown nasturtium bowl
Where she can see it when she telephones.
Up in my den the papers are a-sprawl,
And litter up my desk; these too I sort
Thinking, tomorrow I will rise betimes
And do my work neglected . . . Tiptoe then
I pass into the Shrine. She is asleep,
Dark hair across the moon blanched pillow slip.
Her eyes are sealed with peace, but as I touch
The girlish cheek, her lips are tremulous
With secret knowing smiles. In her boudoir
(Her "sulking room" I call it; did you know
It means that?) I wind up the tiny clock
And stand at her Prayer Window where the fields
Lie listening to the crickets and the stars. . . .
Alas, I only hear the throb of pain
That echoes from the moonlit fields of France.

Into our kitchen, too, I love to go,
Straighten the spoons against our break of fast,
Share secrets with our dog, the drowsy-eyed,
Surprise the kitten with some midnight milk.
The pantry cupboard, full of pleasant things,
Attracts me; there I love to place in line
The packages of cereals, or fill up
The breakfast sugar bowl; and empty out
The icebox pan into the singing night.
Then, as I fixed the cushions on the porch,
I wondered whether God, while wandering
Through his big house the world, householderwise,
Does also quietly set things aright.
Gives sleep to sleepless wives in Germany
And gently smooths the battlefields of France!
Dear Father God, the children in their play
Have tossed their toys in saddest disarray—
Wilt thou not, like a kindly nurse at dusk
Pass through the playroom, make it neat again?

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Lord, thou wilt ordain peace for us: for thou also hast wrought all our works in us.

ISAIAH 26.12.

And who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good?

I PETER 3.3.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD

Lord, thou hast given me a cell
  Wherein to dwell;
A little house whose humble roof
  Is weatherproof;
Under the sparres of which I lie,
  Both soft and drie;
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
  Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts to watch and keep
  Me while I sleep.

. . . . . .

All these and better thou dost send
  Me to this end,—
That I should render, for my part,
  A thankful heart;
Which, fired with incense, I resigne
  As wholly thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
  My Christ, by thee.

Robert Herrick.

13] *And it shall come to pass, if ye shall hearken diligently unto my commandments which I command you this day, to love the Lord your God, and to serve him with all your heart and with all your soul,*

14] *That I will give you the rain of your land in his due season, the first rain and the latter rain, that thou mayest gather in thy corn, and thy wine, and thine oil.*

Deuteronomy 11.

All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.

Isaiah 53.6.

HEART'S CONTENT

"A sail! a sail! Oh, whence away,
And whither, o'er the foam?
Good brother mariners, we pray,
God speed you safely home!"
"Now wish us not so foul a wind,
Until the fair be spent;
For hearth and home we leave behind:
We sail for Heart's Content."

"For Heart's Content! And sail ye so,
With canvas flowing free?
But pray you, tell us if you know,
Where may that harbor be?
For we that greet you, worn with time,
Wave-racked and tempest-rent,
By sun and star in every clime,
Have searched for Heart's Content.

"In every clime the world around,
The waste of waters o'er;
An Eldorado have we found,
That ne'er was found before.
The isles of spice, the lands of dawn,
Where east and west are blent—
All these our eyes have looked upon,
But where is Heart's Content?"

"Oh, turn again while yet we may,
And ere the hearths are cold,
And all the embers ashen grey,
By which ye sat of old,
And numb in death the loving lips
That mourned as forth ye went
To join the fleet of missing ships,
In quest of Heart's Content!

"And seek again the harbor light,
Which faithful fingers trim,
Ere yet alike the day and night
Unto your eyes are dim!
For we alas are those who roam
Till time and tide are spent,
And win no more the port of home
The only Heart's Content."

ANONYMOUS.

MOTHER

God could not be everywhere and therefore he made mothers.

A Jewish Proverb.

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain: but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

Proverbs 31.30.

THE GREATEST BATTLE

The bravest battle that ever was fought;
  Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not;
  It was fought by the mothers of men.

Joaquin Miller.

The noblest thoughts my soul can claim,
  The holiest words my tongue can frame,
Unworthy are to praise the name
  More sacred than all other,
An infant, when her love first came—
  A man, I find it just the same;
Reverently I breathe her name,
  The blessed name of mother.

George Griffith Fetter.

Thy words have upholden him that was falling, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees.

Job 4.4.

MOTHER'S DIARY

I found a little record of her days
  At the old home. A few short lines
Each day were all she wrote. My mother's ways
  Were simple. When she planted columbines
She put it down; the day she set a hen;
  The little calf she weaned from mother-cow;
Her daily household tasks, or when
  She visited the sick . . . But O, somehow
One line apart from others seems to stand—
  "I went to the post office" she would say . . .
I look upon it—here in her own hand—
  That one short line she wrote from day to day.

Dear God, on high, can Mother see tonight
These tears for letters that I failed to write?

Elsie Duncan Sanders.

8] *O remember not against us former iniquities: let thy tender mercies speedily prevent us: for we are brought very low.*

9] *Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of thy name: and deliver us, and purge away our sins, for thy name's sake.*

Psalm 79.

Thou madest him a little lower than the angels.

Hebrews 2.7.

THE CROWN OF LIFE

The days—the doubts—the dreams of pain
Are over, not to come again;
And found, at last, from the great night,
Has dawned the day star of delight.
My baby, he's against me pressed—
Thus, Mother of God, are mothers blessed.

His little head upon my arm,
His little body, soft and warm,
His little feet that cannot stand,
Held in the heart of this, my hand,
His little mouth close on my breast,—
Thus, Mary's Son, are mothers blessed.

All dreams of deeds, all deeds of day
Are very faint and far away.
Yet you, some day, will stand up right
And fight God's foes in manhood's might.
You! tiny, worshipped, clasped, caressed—
Thus, Mother of God, are mothers blessed.

Whatever grief may come to be—
This hour, divine, goes on for me.
All-glorious is my little span,
Since I, like God, have made a man.
A little image of God's best—
Thus, Mary's Son, are mothers blessed.

Come change, come loss, come worlds of tears,
Come endless chain of many years;
They cannot take away the hour
That gives me you, my bird, my flower.
Thank God for this—leave God the rest—
Thus, oh thus, are mothers blessed.

Anonymous.

6] *For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.*

7] *Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end.*

Isaiah 9.

. . . *he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon.*

Hosea 14.5.

WHAT RULES THE WORLD

They say that man is mighty,
  He governs land and sea,
He wields a mighty scepter
  O'er lesser powers that be;
But a mightier power and stronger
  Man from his throne has hurled,
For the hand that rocks the cradle
  Is the hand that rules the world.

William Ross Wallace.

Ah me! the vines that bear such fruit are proud to stoop with it.
ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

14] *He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.*

15] *Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!*

PSALM 107.

MY MOTHER

In the dark womb where I began
My mother's life made me a man.
Thru all the months of human birth
Her beauty fed my common earth.
I cannot see, nor breathe, nor stir,
But thru the death of some of her.

Down in the darkness of the grave
She cannot see the life she gave.
For all her love, she cannot tell
Whether I use it ill or well,
Nor knock at dusty doors to find
Her beauty dusty in the mind.

If the grave's gates could be undone,
She would not know her little son,
I am so grown. If we should meet
She would pass by me in the street,
Unless my soul's face let her see
My sense of what she did for me.

What have I done to keep in mind
My debt to her and womankind?
What woman's happier life repays
Her for those months of wretched days?
For all my mouthless body leeched
Ere birth's releasing hell was reached?

What have I done, or tried, or said
In thanks to that dear woman dead?
Men triumph over women still,
Men trample women's rights at will,
And man's lust roves the world untamed.

. . . . . .

O grave, keep shut lest I be shamed.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

PSALM 107.1.

THE PASSWORD

Softly I climbed to heaven one night
  In the stillness of a dream,
My silver lantern, a star so bright,
  My ladder, a moon's white beam.

"To enter here," said an angel fair,
  "Love must make its sweetest claim."
Then the gates swung wide as I heard a prayer,
  And whispered my Mother's name.

EDWIN LEIBFREED.

TIRED MOTHERS

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
  Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
  From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
You feel the loving, trustful, tender touch
  Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
  You are almost too tired to pray tonight.

I wonder now that mothers ever fret
  At the little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
  Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot
  Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor,
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
  And hear it patter in my home once more.

If I could mend a broken cart today,
  Tomorrow make a kite to reach the sky,
There's no woman in God's world could say
  She was more blissfully content than I.
But, oh, the dainty pillow next my own
  Is never rumpled by a shining head.

MAY RILEY SMITH.

Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall;
A Mother's secret love outlives them all.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE WATCHER

She always leaned to watch for us,
Anxious if we were late,
In winter by the window,
In summer by the gate.

And though we mocked her tenderly
Who took such foolish care,
The long road home would seem more safe
Because she waited there.

Her thoughts were all so full of us,
She never could forget,
And so I think that where she is
She must be watching yet.

Watching till we come home to her,
Anxious if we are late,
Watching from Heaven's window,
Leaning from Heaven's gate.

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

8] *I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.*

9] *Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee. . . .*

11] *Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.*

PSALM 32.

MOTHER

I had a Mother who read to me
Sagas of pirates who scoured the sea,
Cutlasses drenched in their yellow teeth,
"Blackbirds" stowed in the hold beneath.

I had a Mother who read me lays
Of ancient and gallant and golden days;
Stories of Marmion and Ivanhoe,
Which every boy has a right to know.

I had a Mother who read me tales
Of Gelert the hound of the hills of Wales,
True to his trust till his tragic death,
Faithfulness blent with his final breath.

I had a Mother who read me the things
That wholesome life to the boy heart brings—
Stories that stir with an upward touch,
Oh, that each mother of boys were such!

You may have tangible wealth untold;
Caskets of jewels and coffers of gold.
Richer than I you can never be—
I had a Mother who read to me.

Strickland Gillilan.

But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them.

2 Timothy 3.14.

15] *My son, to thy good deeds add no blemish; and no grief of words in any of thy giving.*

16] *Shall not the dew assuage the scorching heat; so is a word better than a gift.*

17] *Lo is not a word better than a gift?*
And both are with a gracious man.

SIRACH 18.

I CALL HER MOM

There's a silvery whiteness that runs through her hair and a softness you'd like to caress. The white is the growth from the purity there and the soft from her heartbeats, I guess.

I often have thoughtfully gazed in her eyes and I've known of the message that's told. Sincerity really makes a man realize that it's love and affection they hold.

I've had her advice since the day I was born and she's taught me what's wrong and what's right. She cheers me whenever I'm feeling forlorn and she makes all my dark days seem bright.

More wondrous, by far, than the fortunes of gold that some time may cross o'er my palm. It's been my good fortune to have and to hold the sweetheart I've always called Mom.

So, I'll tell the world that I'm proud as can be of this best friend I ever have had. If she can just feel half that proudness for me, I'll have reason enough to feel glad.

HAL COCHRANE

82] *Mine eyes fail for thy word, saying, When wilt thou comfort me?*

83] *For I am become like a bottle in the smoke; yet do I not forget thy statutes . . .*

88] *Quicken me after thy lovingkindness; so shall I keep the testimony of thy mouth.*

PSALM 119.

TO MY MOTHER

Your form is dim; your hands, your brow, your face
Are lost, and only some elusive grace
Remains of you for memory to prize:—
A fluttering bit of lace,
A ribbon—oh, the past is pitiless
And will not yield you to my aching eyes!
Is this forgetfulness?

Mother, not so! For your escape is of
The body, not the spirit, and my love
Holds you—forgotten—intimately sweet,
And precious far above
The need of flesh to keep remembrance true.
Forgotten?—Ah, my very pulses beat
In memory of you!

MARY SINTON LEITCH.

Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me: and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple, even the messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in: behold, he shall come, saith the Lord of hosts.

2] *But who may abide the day of his coming? and who shall stand when he appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fuller's sope:*

3] *And he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver: and he shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness.*

MALACHI 3.

WHEN MOTHER SEWS

I always love to see the look
Upon a mother's face,
When she is sewing buttons on
With all a mother's grace.

Each little stitch she sews for you,
Each stitch, is a delight;
I love to look upon her face
Because it is so bright.

There's nothing like a mother's face
To look upon and see
When she is sewing buttons on
Or makes a dress for me.

ROSE GORENBEIN.

There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews.

2] *The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.*

3] *Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.*

4] *Nicodemus saith unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?*

5] *Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.*

JOHN 3.

TWENTY YEARS

—Here stands Twenty Years—husky, stalwart, true—
Mad to go and take his part and see the business through,
And here's a mother with a hold that pulls his heart in two,
"I'm keen to go—I'm wild to go—and what's a chap to do?"

Mother of his twenty years who holds against his will
The eager heart, the quick blood and bids them to be still,
What of the young, untrammeled soul you seek to blunt and kill?

You would save the body stainless and complete,
Fetters—on the hands of it, shackles on the feet,
And in the crippling of them make soul and body meet.

God advise you, Twenty Years, 'twixt love and law and right,
And glory to the motherhood that sits alone tonight—
Proud women seeing, everyone, through hearth and candlelight
The young, unfettered sons they gave, go marching to the fight.

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

God gives us love. Something to love
  He lends us; but, when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
  Falls off, and love is left alone.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

For this God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death.

PSALM 48.14.

MOTHER

One not learned, save in gracious household ways;
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants;
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing paradise,
Interpreter between the gods and man,
Who looked all native to her place, and yet
On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread, and all male minds perforce
Swayed to her from their orbits as they moved,
And girdled her with music. Happy he
With such a mother: faith in womankind
Beats with his blood and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

4] *Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.*

5] *I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing.*

6] *If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.*

7] *If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.*

8] *Herein is my Father glorified.*

JOHN 15.

TWO MOTHERS

It's your lad and my lad
  Who marched away today;
You wore the garments of the rich,
  I wear my cotton gray;
I never dreamed you had a heart,
  I thought only poor could weep
Till your face went white in anguish
  And I heard you try to speak.

It's then I ventured near you
  For my heart was aching, too,
I saw naught of silk or satin,
  I only thought of you;
I could see the look within your eyes,
  As only a mother may,
Then I tried to clasp you in my arms,
  As the marchers turned away.

It's your lad and my lad
  Who will battle on the field,
Perhaps yours will be the favored one,
  And mine his life may yield;
But the same Lord watcheth over both,
  He weaves their destiny.
And He will guard our stalwart lads,
  And give strength to you and me.

JOSEPHINE BYRNE SULLIVAN.

11] *The fear of the Lord is glory and exaltation and gladness, and a crown of rejoicing.*

SIRACH I.

MOTHER

Do you know that your Soul is of my Soul such a part
That you seem to be fibre and core of my heart
None other can pain me as you dear can do
None other can please me or praise me as you.
Remember the world will be quick with its blame
If shadow or stain ever darken your name.
"Like Mother—Like Son" is a saying so true
The world will judge largely of "Mother" by you.
Be yours, then, the task, if task it shall be
To force the proud world to do homage to me
Be sure it will say when its verdict you've won
She reaped as she sowed—"Lo, This is her Son."

MARGARET JOHNSTONE GRAFFIN.

O Lord, thou hast searched me, and known me.

2] *Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thought afar off.*

3] *Thou compassest my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.*

4] *For there is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether.*

5] *Thou hast beset me behind and before, and laid thine hand upon me.*

6] *Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it.*

7] *Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?*

8] *If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there.*

PSALM 139.

MOTHERS

"I hold no cause worth my son's life," one said—
And the two women with her as she spoke
Joined glances in a hush that neither broke,
So present was the memory of their dead.
And through their meeting eyes their souls drew near,
Linked by their sons, men who had held life dear
But laid it down for something dearer still.
One had wrought out with patient iron will
The riddle of a pestilence, and won,
Fighting on stricken, till his work was done.
For children of tomorrow. Far away
In shell-torn soil of France the other lay,
And in the letter that his mother read
Over and over, kneeling as to pray—
"I'm thanking God with all my heart today,
Whatever comes."—(that was the day he died)—
"I've done my bit to clear the road ahead."
In those two mothers, common pain of loss
Blossomed in starry flowers of holy pride.
What thoughts were hers who silent stood beside
Her son the dreamer's cross?

AMELIA JOSEPHINE BURR.

10] *Look at the generations of old and see, who did ever put his trust in the Lord and was ashamed? Or who did abide in his fear, and was forsaken? Or who did call upon him, and he despised him?*

11] *For the Lord is full of compassion, and mercy: And he forgiveth sins, And savest in time of affliction.*

SIRACH 2.

But take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling block to them that are weak.

1 CORINTHIANS 8.9.

MOTHER AND SON

Clear, steady eyes; lips unafraid
  To question freely, to speak the truth;—
Just for a day was the life-march stayed
  Ere the heart of my child was the soul of a youth.

Now a change has come, I know not why.
  Still the same brave joy in little things,
The same frank mouth, the open eye;
  Yet I hear the rush of unseen wings.

He dreams at play, his face grows still;
  Still and deep as the windless sea.
I cannot help, though I have the will,
  When he turns his troubled eyes to me.

I hold him close, yet I feel him start
  Like a captive bird in kindly hands.
In the self-same room he dwells apart
  In a world that no man understands.

Though I watch his child-heart sway and drift
  On the new-found depths of his tender soul,
How little I know of my own life's gift—
  This fairy bark with its phantom goal!

Even we lovers of life who share
With God and death life's open gate,
But dimly see through pain and prayer
The souls we serve with hearts elate.

Once I prayed for a life beyond my own,
Sanctified by the pain of birth.
Now the gift is come, I stand alone
Where a new soul walks the fragrant earth.

Though a ghost-babe sleeps in my empty arms,
Close to the breast where its life began,
I shall turn from this dream of childish charms
Glad-eyed to the soul of the man.

HAROLD TROWBRIDGE PULSIFER.

CHILDREN

My son, if thine heart be wise, my heart shall rejoice, even mine.
PROVERBS 23.15

MY LITTLE SON

My little son, my little son, he calls to me forever
Across the gulfs and through the mists which shroud him from my sight;
I hear him in the noonday, in the midst of all the turmoil,
I hear him, oh, so plainly, in the silence of the night.

My little son, my little son, I see in clearest vision
The merry face, the deep, clear eyes, the crown of golden hair.
But these, ah, these are sleeping where the hillside glows with sunset,
And the little boy, my darling that I loved so, is not there.

My little son, my little son, there are starry paths at night time,
Above the swaying tree-tops where the birds are fast asleep;
Does he wander up and down them with the winds in endless play-time?
Does he read in sudden manhood all the wonders of the deep?

My little son, my little son, he hovers ever near me,
I meet him in the garden walks, he speaks in wind and rain;
He comes and nestles by me on my pillow in the darkness,
Till the golden hands of sunrise draw him back to God again.

GEORGE FREDERICK SCOTT.

OVER NIGHT A ROSE

That over night a rose could come
  I did one time believe,
For, when the fairies live with one,
  They wilfully deceive.

But now I know this perfect thing
  Under the frozen sod
In cold and storm grew patiently,
  Obedient to God.

My wonder grows, since knowledge came
  Old fancies to dismiss;
And courage comes. Was not the rose
  A winter doing this?

Nor did it know, the weary while,
  What color and perfume
With this completed loveliness
  Lay in that earthly tomb.

So maybe I, who cannot see
  What God wills not to show,
May, some day, bear a rose for Him
  It took my life to grow.

CAROLINE GILTINAN.

If ye have faith, and doubt not, ye shall not only do this which is done to the fig tree, but also if ye shall say unto this mountain, Be thou removed, and be thou cast into the sea; it shall be done.

MATTHEW 21.21.

LITTLE COMRADE

Little comrade, when you smile
All my troubles you beguile;
  After all the day's vexation
  Evening brings full compensation.
Little comrade, when you smile.

Little pal, there's none so true,
None so loyal quite as you;
  When the way is dark and dreary,
  With your optimism cheery,
Little pal, there's none so true.

Little boy, when day is done,
I can count the battle won
  If you sally forth to meet me
  And with fond caresses greet me,
Little boy, when day is done.

Little comrade, when you smile,
Life is really worth the while;
  All my doubts and fears you banish,
  All my worries quickly vanish,
Little comrade, when you smile.

G. A. Damon.

8] *Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men!*

9] *For he satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness.*

Psalm 107.

THE LONELY LITTLE GIRL

For all the ribbons and curls
You are not like those other girls—
Dear heart, you cannot laugh as they,
Who never know what makes you gay;
You must be lonely, often; yes,
And learn to love your loneliness.

Yes, lonely—wistful eyes!
Oh, child,
Vexed by the windy heart and wild,
Youth hurts you, and must hurt you. Yet
Hold to your dreams: nor once forget
They shall be utter Youth for you
When other's dancing days are through.
Hold to your dreams!
What if, tonight,
You seemed so stupid, and the light
Young laughter lashed you!—Some day, sweet,
Your turn shall come; your turn, to greet
High Friends, deep Love; no puppet-play,
But Love's last pain and pride, some day.
And nights like this, Tired Heart, will seem
The least queer shadow of a dream!

And yet (great eyes and tear-wet curls)
You would be like those other girls!
So be it! Run! Blow out the light,
But—no more tears!—You child, good night!

FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS.

Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying.

Proverbs 19.18.

THE SCAPEGOAT

If anybody comes in late
To dinner and don't shut the gate.
Or doesn't sweep the porch, or go
Right out and shovel off the snow,
Or bring in wood, or wipe his feet
Or leave the woodshed nice and neat—
It's me!

If anybody doesn't think
To carry out the cow a drink,
Or tracks mud on the kitchen floor,
Or doesn't shut the cellar door,
Or leaves the broom out on the stoop,
Or doesn't close the chicken coop—
It's me!

. . . . . .

If anything is lost or gone,
They've got some one to blame it on;
I get the blame for all the rest
Because I am the little-est;
And if they have to blame some one
For what is or what isn't done—
It's me!

J. W. Foley.

20] *My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother:*

21] *Bind them continually unto thine heart, and tie them about thy neck.*

22] *When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee.*

23] *For the commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; and reproofs of instruction are the way of life:*

PROVERBS 6.

WHEN PA WAS MY AGE

When pa was my age he was glad
  To do just as they told him;
He never made his parents sad
  They never had to scold him;
He never, never disobeyed,
  Nor punched his little brother,
And day and night he always made
  Things pleasant for his mother.

When pa was my age he would clean
  His shoes when they were muddy;
He never thought his folks were mean
  Because they made him study;
He always tried his best to be
  For goodness celebrated,
And he was praised by all—but, gee,
  How pa's degenerated.

ANONYMOUS.

LIKE DAD DID

Boys must've been awful good
  When daddy was a kid,
They used to chop the kindling wood
  Without being even bid;
They never stayed out late at night
  Nor missed the Sunday school,
Nor were they ever known to fight,
  But preached the Golden Rule—
    At least, dad did,
    When he was a kid.

They never seen a "movie show,"
  Nor wouldn't if they could,
But off to bed they'd sooner go,
  Or chop more kindling wood;
They never cared for candy stuff,
  It'd make their teeth decay,
And they were never loud or rough,
  They'd sooner work than play—
    At least dad did,
    When he was a kid.

Did you ever hear your daddy tell
  How strong he used to be?
About the trees that he had fell,
  At some big chopping bee?
Some things he'll hold in mem'ry well,
  Though he did not keep a log,
There's other things that he can't tell,
  'Cause his mem'ry slipped a cog—
    On things dad did
    When he was a kid.

ANONYMOUS.

13] *Then were there brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them.*

14] *But Jesus said, Suffer little children and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven.*

MATTHEW 19.

GENTLE JESUS

Gentle Jesus, meek and mild;
Look upon a little child,
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee.

CHARLES WESLEY.

HOUSEHOLD GODS

The baby takes to her bed at night,
A one-eyed rabbit that once was white;
A watch that came from a cracker, I think;
And a lidless inkpot that never held ink.
And the secret is locked in her tiny breast
Of why she loves these and leaves the rest.

And I give a loving glance as I go
To three brass pots on a shelf in a row,
To my grandfather's grandfather's loving cup,
And a bandy-legged chair I once picked up.
And I can't, for the life of me, make you see
Why just these things are a part of me!

J. H. MACNAIR.

SATURDAY NIGHT

Placing the little hats all in a row,
Ready for church on the morrow, you know;
Washing wee faces and little black fists,
Getting them ready and fit to be kissed;
Putting them into clean garments and white,
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Spying out rents in a little worn hose;
Laying by shoes that are worn through the toes;
Looking o'er garments so faded and thin;
Who but a mother knows where to begin?
Changing a button to make it look right,
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Calling the little ones all round her chair,
Hearing them lisp their evening prayer,
Telling them stories of Jesus of old,
The Shepherd Who gathers the lambs to His fold;
Watching them listen with childish delight—
That is what mothers are doing to-night.

Creeping so softly to take a last peep—
Silence the token of childhood's sleep;
Anxious to know if the dear ones are warm;
Tucking the blanket round each little form;
Kissing each little face, rosy and bright—
That is what mothers are doing to-night

ANONYMOUS.

15] *My son, if thy heart be wise, my heart shall be glad.*

PROVERBS 23.

27] *For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him:*

28] *Therefore also I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord. And he worshipped the Lord there.*

I SAMUEL I.

So I spoke, and the spirit of swift-footed Achilles departed with long strides across the fields of asphodel, pleased that I said his son was famous.

THE ODYSSEY, Palmer's Translation.

When I am dead I make no plea
For wakeful immortality
Among the spirits of the blest.
Nor would I, an unbidden guest,
Return to earth, once being free.

But I would lie beneath the lea,
Knowing nor hope nor memory—
What matter then the futile quest
When I am dead?

Yet should the silence broken be
E'en thus:—'Thy son, whom thou didst see
A baby at his mother's breast,
Unto thy ungained goal hath pressed,'—
Ah, that were bliss enough for me
When I am dead.

ANONYMOUS

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is a cruel day
For mothers who are poor,
The wistful eyes of children
Are daggers to endure.

Though shops are crammed with playthings
Enough for everyone,
If a mother's purse is empty
There might as well be none.

My purse is full of money
But I cannot buy a toy;
Only a wreath of holly
For the grave of my little boy.

ANONYMOUS.

22] *And he said, While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept: for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live?*

23] *But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.*

2 SAMUEL 12.

75] *I know, O Lord, that thy judgments are right, and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me.*

76] *Let, I pray thee, thy merciful kindness be for my comfort, according to thy word unto thy servant.*

PSALM 119.

MY CHILDREN—ASLEEP

List to their gentle breathing in the night,
  Flushed pink with slumber. Now their curious eyes
Pale-lidded, shine not, nor their glances bright
  Welcome the new day with its new surprise.
How still the feet that raced—that leaped, as light
  As the small cloud that loiters in the skies;
How rare the bud before its opening hour
With fragrance that we find not in the perfect flower.

And who am I to bring this rapture down,
  Irradiant, to bless the arid earth?
For I have ventured to the high unknown
  And grasped the Godhead in the hour of birth;
My clay has dared to wear a kingly crown,
  And raid the heavens to appease my dearth;
So close the ways of finite mortals bend
To mysteries that round our fleeting lives extend.

Now, as the days pass, they will grow and make
  A God of me—less worshipful than they;
Of my imperfect image they will take
  Only the good, will talk of me at play,
Will weave me through their souls, so that to break
  Their gentle vision is to take away
Their best delight. Ah, none but children see
Behind the world-worn man his lost divinity.

ALAN SULLIVAN.

15] *My son, to thy good deeds add no blemish; and no grief of words in any of thy giving.*

SIRACH 18.

12] *Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.*

14] *Neglect not the gift that is in thee, which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery.*

15] *Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all.*

16] *Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine; continue in them: for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee.*

I TIMOTHY 4.

HAVE FAITH IN THE BOY

Have faith in the boy, not believing
That he is the worst of his kind,
In league with the army of Satan,
And only to evil inclined;
But daily to guide and control him
Your wisdom and patience employ,
And daily, despite disappointment
And sorrow, have faith in the boy.

Have faith to believe that some moment
In life's strangely checkered career,
Convicted, subdued, and repentant,
The prodigal son will appear;
The gold in his nature rejecting
The dark and debasing alloy,
Illuming your spirit with gladness
Because you have faith in the boy.

Tho' now he is wayward and stubborn,
And keeps himself sadly aloof
From those who are anxious and fearful,
And ready with words of reproof.
Have faith that the prayer of a mother
His wandering feet will arrest,
And turn him away from his follies
To weep out his tears on her breast.

Ah! many a boy has been driven
Away from the home by the thought
That no one believed in his goodness,
Or dreamed of the battle he fought.
So if you would help him to conquer
The foes that are prone to annoy,
Encourage him often with kindness,
And show you have faith in the boy.

Have faith in his good resolutions,
Believe that at last he'll prevail,
Tho' now he's forgetful and heedless,
Tho' day after day he may fail.
Your doubts and suspicious misgivings
His hope and his courage destroy;
So, if you'd secure a brave manhood,
'Tis well to have faith in the boy.

ANONYMOUS.

Every man feels instinctively that all the beautiful sentiments in the world weigh less than a single lovely action.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THE LAMB

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, wooly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a lamb.
He is meek and he is mild,
He became a little child—
I a child and thou a lamb.
We are callèd by his name.
Little lamb, God bless thee!
Little lamb, God bless thee!

William Blake.

18] *Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, from your vain conversation received by tradition from your fathers;*

19] *But with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot:*

1 Peter 1.

THAT HOLY THING

They all were looking for a king
  To slay their foes and lift them high:
Thou cam'st, a little baby thing
  That made a woman cry.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

9] *And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.*

10] *And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.*

11] *For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.*

12] *And this shall be a sign unto you; ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.*

13] *And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,*

14] *Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.*

15] *And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.*

LUKE 2.

My son, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments.

2] *For length of days, and long life, and peace, shall they add to thee.*

PROVERBS 3.

CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

Now the day is over,
  Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
  Steal across the sky.

Now the darkness gathers,
  Stars begin to peep,
Birds and beasts and flowers
  Soon will be asleep.

Jesus give the weary
  Calm and sweet repose,
With thy tenderest blessing
  May our eyelids close.

. . . . . .

When the morning wakens,
  Then may I arise
Pure and fresh and sinless
  In thy holy eyes.

SABINE BARING GOULD.

13] *And they brought young children to him, that he should touch them: and his disciples rebuked those that brought them.*

14] *But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God.*

15] *Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child, he shall not enter therein.*

16] *And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them.*

MARK 10.

The child is father of the Man.

William Wordsworth.

At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying, Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?

2] *And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them,*

3] *And said, Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.*

4] *Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.*

5] *And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me.*

6] *But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.*

7] *Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!*

10] *Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven.*

11] *For the Son of man is come to save that which was lost.*

12] *How think ye? if a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?*

13] *And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep, than of the ninety and nine which went not astray.*

14] *Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.*

Matthew 18.

The bearing and the training of a child is Woman's wisdom.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

From AURORA LEIGH

Women know
The way to rear up children (to be just);
They know a simple, merry, tender knack
Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
And stringing pretty words that make no sense,
And kissing full sense into empty words;
Which things are corals to cut life upon,
Although such trifles: children learn by such,
Love's holy earnest in a pretty play,
And get not over-early solemnized,
But seeing, as in a rose-bush, Love's Divine,
Which burns and hurts not,—not a single bloom,—
Become aware and unafraid of love.
Such good do mothers. Fathers love as well,—
Mine did, I know,—but still with heavier brains,
And wills more consciously responsible,
And not as wisely, since less foolishly:
So mothers have God's license to be missed.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

And thou, Solomon my son, know thou the God of thy father, and serve him with a perfect heart and with a willing mind: for the Lord searcheth all hearts, and understandeth all the imaginations of the thoughts: if thou seek him, he will be found of thee; but if thou forsake him, he will cast thee off for ever.

1 CHRONICLES 28.9.

11] *For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we should love one another.*

12] *Not as Cain, who was of that wicked one, and slew his brother. And wherefore slew he him? Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous.*

13] *Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you.*

14] *We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death.*

15] *Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer: and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.*

16] *Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren.*

17] *But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?*

18] *My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth.*

I JOHN 3.

Child of my dreams, I pray,
My life more worthy day by day,
That I may hold thee at my breast,
And know my holding gives thee rest,
Thy little hand in mine,
To make me blest.

ANONYMOUS.

So for the mother's sake the child was dear,
And dearer was the mother for the child!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

MY BABY TO-NIGHT

As I sit by his cot, holding fast the soft hand,
And the bright eyes are closed till the dawn,
I am thinking how sweetly from sweet "Babyland"
My darling is hastening on.
But whatever the future, whether gloomy or bright,
He is all mine just now; he's my baby to-night.

Some day he will go out into the world,
And mix in its toil and its strife,
And "mother" will be, though still loved and dear,
But one of the parts of his life.
But now, all the day, I'm his joy and his light;
Yes, sovereign am I! He's my baby to-night.

And some time, ah! some time another will come,
Of all the most fair and most dear,
And as she fills up his heart and his home,
Poor mother will seem far less near.
I wish him that day, of all days the most bright;
But that sweetheart's not here—he's my baby to-night!

And then the grave man, battling bravely the wrong,
And staunch for his home and his land,
I pray that his soul may be kept pure and strong,
As I sit by his cot, holding fast the wee hand.
But that brave noble man is not this tiny wight,
I'm his guardian now—he's my baby to-night!

Anonymous.

33] *And he came to Capernaum: and being in the house he asked them, What was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way?*

34] *But they held their peace: for by the way they had disputed among themselves, who should be the greatest.*

35] *And he sat down, and called the twelve, and saith unto them, If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all.*

36] *And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them: and when he had taken him in his arms, he said unto them,*

37] *Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me: and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but him that sent me.*

Mark 9.

LOVE

6] *Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame.*

7] *Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.*

Song of Solomon 8.

From SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

16] *And Ruth said, Intreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:*

17] *Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me.*

RUTH I.

I AM YOUR WIFE

Oh, let me lay my head tonight upon your breast,
And close my eyes against the light. I fain would rest;
I'm weary, and the world looks sad; this worldly strife
Turns me to you; and, oh, I'm glad to be your wife!
Though friends may fail or turn aside, yet I have you
And in your love I may abide, for you are true—
My only solace in each grief and in despair,
Your tenderness is my relief; it soothes each care.
If joys of life could alienate this poor weak heart
From yours, then may no pleasure great enough to part
Our sympathies fall to my lot. I'd e'er remain
Bereft of friends, though true or not, just to retain
Your true regard, your presence bright through care and strife;
And, oh, I thank my God tonight I am your wife!

ANONYMOUS.

16] *As the sun when it arises in the high places of the Lord, so is the beauty of a good wife in the ordering of a man's house . . .*

18] *As the golden pillars are upon a base of silver, so are beautiful feet with the breasts of one that is stedfast.*

SIRACH 26.

EVERY WOMAN TO HER BELOVED

Without you, I am nothing.
Have you not seen a barren tree on a bleak hill?
I am that leafless tree.
My dark roots wither in the sod.
Even the breast of earth can quicken me no more.

Have you not heard a lost child crying in the night?
Crying for home?
I am that child you heard,
And I am lost and homeless without you.

You are the sheepfold
And the wide green meadow;
The star of evening and the star of dawn.
You are the valley, and the singing river.
You are the voice of winds in trees
And waves on sand.
You are my bread of longing,
And the wine of my enchantment.
You are the angel of the seven dreams.
You are the wingèd brother of my spirit;
The son of Love and Beauty,
Who were wed
That you might be born unto them.
You are the city and the desert of my desire.

You are the sky above my loneliness.
You are my flower and fruit
In orchard and in vineyard.

You are the snowy hill of my remembrance.
You are earth, and time,
And beyond all time.
And you are freedom,
And all free and deathless things.

BARBARA YOUNG.

He brought me to the banqueting house, and his banner over me was love.

SONG OF SOLOMON 2.4.

From A MEMORY OF BEAUTY

To have loved supremely! After all, the green, sweet world had been good to her, its daughter. She had loved and been loved, with the passion of passion. Nothing in the world could take away that joy: not any loss or sorrow, nor that last grief, the death of him whom she so loved; not the mysterious powers themselves that men call God, and that move and live and have their blind will behind the blowing wind and the rising sap, behind the drifting leaf and the granite hills, behind the womb of woman and the mind of man, behind the miracle of day and night, behind life, behind death.

This was hers. She had this supreme heritage. In truth she was crowned. And he . . . from the first he wore the glory of her love, as morning wears the sunrise. It is enough.

FIONA MACLEOD.

Love comes unseen;
 We only see it go.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

A PRAYER

Love of my dreams, I pray
That I may meet thee on the way,
And meeting thus, our lives as one
To face with hope each morning sun,
And hold love's gift
Till day is done.

Anonymous.

"Dear love," he said that morning long ago,
"Where life may lead the wisest cannot know,
  Or through what changing weather.
If I could choose, no cloud should dim the sky."
She smiled, "What matter where the road may lie,
  So we two walk together?"

"Dear heart," he said when they had journeyed far,
And the calm radiance of the evening star
  Above the hills was shining,
"The road was rough, and life, the master, taught
Lessons with bitter wisdom sometimes fraught,
  Beyond our hearts' divining.

"Yet good has sometimes come from seeming ill,
And love unchanging led us safely still
  Through storms and sunny weather."
She smiled, "What matter though the road was rough,
The lessons bitter. This was joy enough,
  That we have walked together."

Emily Huntington Miller.

Love took up the glass of Time and turn'd it with his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.
Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling pass'd in music out of sight.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

People who love and are loved are not lonely. Love makes all the difference in the world. It is the world.

Flowers are all love. The song of the bird is all love. The beauty of the lowering sun, behind a drapery of clouds, is an expression of love, interpreted through a touch of nature. Lovely thoughts are inspired by love.

So, to you who are lonely, I would say: "Love and you will be loved. Give, and more than you give will come back to you."

GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS.

THOUGHTS

"You never can tell what your thoughts can do,
In bringing you hate or love;
For thoughts are things,
And their airy wings,
Are swifter than carrier dove.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind;
And they speed over the track,
To bring you back
Whatever went out of your mind."

ANONYMOUS.

Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth.

3 John 2.2.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.

1 Corinthians 16.23.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store:
So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am sufficed
And by a part of all thy glory live,
    Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
    This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

William Shakespeare.

If you love me, tell me that you love me; the realm of silence is large enough beyond the grave.

Helen Hunt Jackson.

4] *Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an army with banners.*

5] *Turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me.*

1 Solomon 6.

I SHALL BE LOVED AS QUIET THINGS

I shall be loved as quiet things
  Are loved—white pigeons in the sun,
Curled yellow leaves that whisper down
  One after one;

The silver reticence of smoke
  That tells no secret of its birth
Among the fiery agonies
  That turn the earth;

Cloud-islands; reaching arms of trees;
  The frayed and eager little moon
That strays unheeded through a high
  Blue afternoon.

The thunder of my heart must go
  Under the muffling of the dust—
As my gray dress has guarded it
  The grasses must;

For it has hammered loud enough,
  Clamored enough, when all is said:
Only its quiet part shall live
  When I am dead.

KARLE WILSON BAKER.

They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon.

HOSEA 14.7.

TENDING THE FIRE

I do not think you ever laid a log
Upon the fireplace within my sight
But that I turned and watched you, noticing
Your care that each brown log set just aright.

I do not think you ever came in quick
And asked, "Is this room warm?" house-father wise,
But that I glanced at you and saw the look
Of care and kindliness within your eyes.

I do not think that one such instant came,
Of all the many in our daily tasks,
But that our hearts kept watch and built it in,
Yet smiling, "Do you love me?" still I ask!

Natalie Rice Clark.

TO A. L. ON HER MARRIAGE

The years are many, the years are old,
  My dreams are over, my songs are sung,
But out of a heart that has not grown cold,
  I bid godspeed to the fair and young.
Would that my prayer were even such
  As the righteous pray availing much.
But nothing save good can Love befall,
And naught is lacking since Love is all,
Thy one great blessing of life the best,
Like the rod of Moses swallows the rest.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

And walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweetsmelling savour.

EPHESIANS 5.2.

I would sing of love that lives
On the errors it forgives.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

TRY IT

If you went home tonight, old man,
And placed your arms around your wife
And kissed her as a lover can,
And told her that she was your life—
Would she drop dead?

And yet you told her long ago
That she was all the world to you.
If you would once play the beau
And dear old courting days renew—
Would she drop dead?

ANONYMOUS.

18] *Behold . . . my beloved, in whom my soul is well pleased: I will put my spirit upon him, and he shall shew judgment to the Gentiles.*

19] *He shall not strive, nor cry; neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets.*

20] *A bruised reed shall he not break and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory.*

MATTHEW 12.

6] *Set me as a seal upon thine heart.*

I SOLOMON 8.

HERE IS GOOD FORTUNE

When I sit down with thee at last alone,
Shut out the wrangle of the clashing day
And 'scape the petty jars that fret and fray,
The snarl and yelp of brute beasts for a bone;
When thou and I sit down at last alone,
And through the dusk of rooms divinely gray
Spirit to spirit finds its voiceless way,
As tone melts meeting in accordant tone,
Oh, then our souls, far in the vast of sky,
Look from a tower, too high for sound of strife
Or any violation of the town,
When the great vacant winds of God go by,
And over the huge misshapen city of life
Love pours his silence and his moonlight down.

RICHARD HOVEY.

9] *If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea:*

10] *Even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me.*

11] *If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me.*

12] *Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee.*

13] *For thou hast possessed my reins: thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.*

PSALM 139.

A PRAYER

God! do not let my loved one die,
But rather wait until the time
That I am grown in purity
Enough to enter thy pure clime,
Then take me, I will gladly go,
So that my love remain below!

O, let her stay! She is by birth
What I through death may learn to be;
We need her more on our poor earth
Than thou canst need in heaven with thee:
She hath her wings already, I
Must burst this earth-shell ere I fly.

Then, God, take me! We shall be near,
More near than ever, each to each:
Her angel ears will find more clear
My heavenly than my earthly speech;
And still, as I draw nigh to thee,
Her soul and mine shall closer be.

James Russell Lowell.

20] *Daniel answered and said, blessed be the name of God for ever and ever: for wisdom and might are his:*

21] *And he changeth the times and the seasons: he removeth kings, and setteth up kings: he giveth wisdom unto the wise, and knowledge to them that know understanding:*

22] *He revealeth the deep and secret things: he knoweth what is in the darkness, and the light dwelleth with him.*

Daniel 2.

. . . and, behold, angels came and ministered unto Him.
Matthew 4.11.

VALUES

O Love, could I but take the hours
That once I spent with thee,
And coin them all in minted gold,
What should I purchase that would hold
Their worth in joy to me?
Ah, Love—another hour with thee!

Jessie B. Rittenhouse.

STEP LIGHTLY

Step lightly across the floor,
And somewhat more tender be.

There were many that passed my door.
Many that sought after me.
I gave them the passing word—
Ah, why did I give thee more?
I gave thee what could not be heard,
What had not been given before;
The beat of my heart I gave,
And I give thee this flower on my grave.

My face in the flower thou mayst see.
Step lightly across the floor.

Edith M. Thomas

Love that asketh love again
Finds the barter naught but pain;
Love that giveth in full store
Aye receives as much and more.

Love exacting nothing back
Never knoweth any lack;
Love, compelling love to pay,
Sees him bankrupt every day.

Anonymous.

Who is wise, and he shall understand these things.

Hosea 14.9.

LOVE

Let me but love my love without disguise;
  Nor wear a mask of fashion old or new,
  Nor wait to speak till I can hear a clue,
Nor play a part to shine in other's eyes,
Nor bow my knees to what my heart denies:
  But what I am, to that let me be true,
  And let me worship where my love is due.
And so through love and worship let me rise.
For love is but the heart's immortal thirst
  To be completely known and all forgiven,
  Even as sinful souls that enter heaven.
So take me, dear, and understand my worst.
  And freely pardon it, because confessed,
  And let me find in loving thee, my best.

Henry Van Dyke.

From IN MEMORIAM

I cannot love thee as I ought,
For love reflects the thing beloved;
My words are only words, and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought.

"Yet blame not thou thy plaintive song,"
The Spirit of true love replied;
"Thou canst not move me from thy side,
Nor human frailty do me wrong.

"What keeps a spirit wholly true
To that ideal which he bears?
What record? not the sinless years
That breathed beneath the Syrian blue;

"So fret not, like an idle girl,
That life is dash'd with flecks of sin.
Abide: thy wealth is gather'd in,
When Time hath sunder'd shell from pearl."

ALFRED TENNYSON.

27] *It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.*

28] *He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because he hath borne it upon him.*

29] *He putteth his mouth in the dust; if so be there may be hope. . . .*

31] *For the Lord will not cast off for ever:*

32] *But though he cause grief, yet will he have compassion according to the multitude of his mercies.*

33] *For he doth not afflict willingly nor grieve the children of men.*

JEREMIAH 3.

17] *Ye therefore, beloved, seeing ye know these things before, beware lest ye also . . . fall from your own stedfastness.*

18] *But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord*

2 PETER 3.

LOVE'S FULFILLING

O Love is weak
Which counts the answers and the gains,
Weighs all the losses and the pains,
And eagerly each fond word drains
A joy to seek.

When Love is strong,
It never tarries to take heed,
Or know if its return exceed
Its gift; in its sweet haste no greed,
No strifes belong.

It hardly asks
If it be loved at all: to take
So barren seems, when it can make
Such bliss for the beloved sake
Of bitter tasks.

So much we miss
If love is weak, so much we gain
If love is strong, God thinks no pain
Too sharp or lasting to ordain
To teach us this.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

From VIVIEN

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.
The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

Alfred Tennyson.

There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love.

1 John 4.

From SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
"I love her for her smile, her look, her way
Of speaking gently, for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and Certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day";
For these things in themselves, beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee: and love so wrought
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry:
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby.
But Love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou mayst love on through love's eternity.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

9] *Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labour.*

10] *For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up.*

Ecclesiastes 4.

YOUNG TOGETHER

Young forever, O wife of mine,
  Young together, and foolish and fond!
Can Time chill spirits, reborn divine,
  In the warmth of love's eternal bond?

Oh joy, pure joy of it, line by line,
  As the book of life by our hearts is conned!
Young forever, O wife of mine,
  Young together and foolish and fond!

When our first of days has ceased to shine,
  The day that awakened when young love dawned,
We may note years then! We fear no sign
  Of summer that speeds, or the winter beyond:
Young forever, O wife of mine,
  Young together and foolish and fond!

Stokely S. Fisher.

OLD AGE

6] *For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand.*

7] *I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith:*

8] *Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.*

9] *Do thy diligence to come shortly unto me.*

2 TIMOTHY 4.

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made.

ROBERT BROWNING.

I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the best.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee: because he trusteth in thee.

ISAIAH 26.3.

I WOULD NOT GROW OLD

I would not grow old, loving wind-swept grasses
  Too much to have my eyes grow dim;
Bowed pines sighing as the warm wind passes,
  Sunset tawny on a mountain's rim.

I cannot feel youth die, for gay music thrills me
  Too much to have my feet grow slow;
Fear of gray years in the future chills me,
  I cannot let my short youth go.

I would not grow old, for I love light laughter
  Too much to bear a thought of tears;
I want days filled with dawn flush and no night after;
  I must have gladness all my years!

Too much I love small bits of beauty—
  Whistling winds or the touch of rain,
To bear old age, or to walk in paths of duty—
  Exquisite rapture lost in pain.

I fear touch of age on precious gifts I treasure—
  Far off glint of wings in cloudy blue,
Voices at evening, and dear beyond measure
  The look in the eyes of you.

. . . . . .

Today there was an old man, walking slowly down the street—
I saw his face—and ah, how old age can be sweet!

Catherine I. Hackett.

GROWING OLD

A little more tired at close of day
A little less anxious to have our way,
A little less ready to scold and blame,
A little more care for brother's name,
And so, we are nearing the journey's end,
Where time and eternity meet and blend.

A little less care for bonds and gold,
A little more zest in the days of old,
A broader view and a saner mind,
And a little more love for all mankind.
And so we are faring adown the way,
That leads to the gates of a better way.

A little more love for the friends of youth,
A little more love for the friends of truth,
A little more charity in our views,
And so, we are folding our tents away
And passing in silence, at close of day.

A little more leisure to sit and dream,
A little more real the things unseen,
A little nearer to those ahead,
With vision of those long-loved and dead,
And so, we are going where all must go,
To, the place the living may never know.

A little more laughter, a few more tears.
And we shall have told our increasing years;
The book is closed, and the prayers are said,
And we are a part of the countless dead,
Thrice happy, if then some soul can say,
"I live, because he has passed my way."

Rollin J. Wells.

I thank thee, and praise thee, O thou God of my fathers, who hast given me wisdom.

DANIEL 2.23.

Age is a quality of mind;
If you've left your dreams behind,
If Hope is cold
If you no longer look ahead,
If your ambition's fires are dead,
Then you are old.

But,—if from Life you take the best,
If in Life you keep the zest,
If Love you hold,
No matter how the years go by,
No matter how the birthdays fly,
You are not old.

EDWARD TUCK.

GROWING OLD

Let me grow lovely, growing old—
So many fine things do;
Laces, and ivory, and gold,
And silks need not be new.

And there is healing in old trees,
Old streets a glamour hold;
Why may not I, as well as these,
Grow lovely, growing old?

KARLE WILSON BAKER.

From SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Darling I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold
Shine upon my brow today;
Life is fading fast away.

Eben E. Rexford.

Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?

Job 3.23.

PASSING OUT OF YOUTH

We must be brave to face this thing we know:
We must direct our eyes to look and see:
A little ahead of us, of you and me,
It goes before, unbeautiful and slow.
Soon we shall come to it across our way,
Pause in the dark, and draw each other near,
Feeling the pathway strange, the moment dear,
Not knowing whether to move or what to say.
And I shall feel your heart beat loud and strong
Against my heart; and you will hear a note
Cry out and die forever in my throat,
Articulate and perfect as a song.
Then, hand in kindly hand, naked to truth,
We two will walk together out of youth.

Sarah Elizabeth Rodger.

TWILIGHT

When I was young, the twilight seemed too long.
How often on the western window-seat
  I leaned my book against the misty pane
  And spelled the last enchanting lines again;
The while my mother hummed an ancient song,
Or sighed a little and said: "The hour is sweet!"
When I, rebellious, clamored for the light.

But now I love the soft approach of night,
  And now with folded hands I sit and dream
  While all too fleet the hours of twilight seem;
And thus I know that I am growing old.

O granaries of age! O manifold
And royal harvest of the common years!
There are in all thy treasure-house no ways
But lead by soft descent and gradual slope
To memories more exquisite than hope,
Thine is the Iris born of olden tears,
And thrice more happy are the happy days
That live divinely in the lingering rays.

A. Mary F. Robinson.

5] *This then is the message which we have heard of him, and declare unto you, that God is light, and in him is no darkness at all.*

7] *But if we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his son cleanseth us from all sin.*

1 John 1.

Well, my heart, we have been happy.
Let us snatch that from the wreck of things.
But when the forest is choked with ashes,
While still the flame around its old nest flashes—
'Tis a brave bird sits on a charred limb—
And sings!

Anonymous.

GOODBY, SWEET DAY

I have so loved thee, but cannot, cannot hold thee;
Fading like a dream, the shadows fold thee.
Slowly thy perfect beauty fades away.
Goodby, sweet day! Goodby, sweet day!

Dear were thy golden hours of tranquil splendor,
Sadly thou yieldest to the evening tender;
Thou wert so fair from thy first morning ray.
Goodby, sweet day! Goodby, sweet day!

Thy glow and charm, thy smiles and tones and glances
Vanish at last, and night advances;
Ah, couldst thou yet a little longer stay.
Goodby, sweet day! Goodby, sweet day!

All thy rich gifts my grateful heart remembers,
The while I watch thy sunset's smoldering embers
Die in the west, beneath the twilight gray.
Goodby, sweet day! Goodby, sweet day!

Celia Thaxter.

MEMORY

Ah, love me, love me, for my youth is flying.
  Age's old knuckles knock upon my heart.
The hour is late, the fire of faith is dying;
  Stay with me, love, while other guests depart.

Stay with me, beauty, for silence now and sorrow
  Stir in the corner; memory awakes.
They will be there to sit with me tomorrow;
  Stay with me, love, until the morning breaks.

Ah, love me, love me! I can feel September
  Creep into winter, I can feel the snow.
You only, loving me, make me remember,
  You only, singing, make the darkness glow.

Let me believe I hear my lost youth crying,
His voice is your voice, while the fire is dying.

ROBERT NATHAN.

20] *But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost,*

21] *Keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life . . .*

24] *Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy,*

25] *To the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.*

JUDE.

As life runs on, the road grows strange
With faces new, and near the end
The milestones into headstones change,
'Neath every one a friend.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

4] *His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.*

5] *Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God:*

PSALM 146.

WISDOM

5] *Walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time.*
6] *Let your speech be alway with grace, seasoned with salt, that ye may know how ye ought to answer every man.*

COLOSSIANS 4.

He who knows and knows not that he knows is asleep. *Awaken him.*
He who knows not and knows that he knows not is simple. *Teach him.*
He who knows not and knows not that he knows not is a fool. *Shun him.*
He who knows and knows that he knows is wise. *Follow him unto the end.*

AN OLD ARABIAN PROVERB.

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children; who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty, or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others, and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration; whose memory a benediction.

B. A. STANLEY.

Counsel in the heart of man is like deep water; but a man of understanding will draw it out.

PROVERBS 20.5.

And I, brethren, when I came to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God.

2] *For I determined not to know any thing among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.*

3] *And I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling.*

4] *And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power:*

5] *That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.*

6] *Howbeit we speak wisdom among them that are perfect: yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, that come to nought:*

7] *But we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory:*

8] *Which none of the princes of this world knew: for had they known it, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory.*

9] *But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.*

10] *But God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.*

11] *For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the spirit of God.*

12] *Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.*

I CORINTHIANS 2.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom: a good understanding have all they that do his commandments: his praise endureth for ever.

PSALM III.10.

Life appears to me to be too short to be spent in nursing animosity or in registering wrongs. We are, and must be, one and all, burdened with faults in this world: but the time will come when, I trust, we shall put them off in putting off our corruptible bodies: when debasement and sin will fall from us and only the spark will remain, the impalpable principle of life and thought, pure as when it left the Creator to inspire the creature: whence it came, it will return, perhaps to pass through gradations of glory. It is a creed in which I delight, to which I cling. It makes Eternity a rest, a mighty home; not a terror and an abyss. Besides, with this creed revenge never worries my heart, degradation never too deeply disgusts me, injustice never crushes me too low: I live in calm looking to the end.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

23] *Keep thy Heart above all that thou guardest; for out of it are the issues of life.*

PROVERBS 6.

To be honest; to be kind; to earn a little and to spend a little less; to make, upon the whole, a family happier for his presence; to renounce, when that shall be necessary, and not be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation; above all, on the same condition, to keep friends with himself: here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

12] *Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.*

13] *The Pharisees therefore said unto him, Thou bearest record of thyself; thy record is not true.*

14] *Jesus answered and said unto them, Though I bear record of myself, yet my record is true: for I know whence I came, and whither I go; and ye cannot tell whence I come, and whither I go.*

15] *Ye judge after the flesh; I judge no man.*

16] *And yet if I judge, my judgment is true: for I am not alone, but I and the Father that sent me.*

John 8.

From LITTLE THINGS

Little drops of water,
  Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
  And the pleasant land.

So the little moments,
  Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
  Of eternity.

E. C. Brewer.

When the rich carpet is soiled the fool pointeth to the stain, the wise man covereth it with his mantle.

Victor Hugo.

20] *He that handleth a matter wisely shall find good: and whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he.*

21] *The wise in heart shall be called prudent: and the sweetness of the lips increaseth learning.*

Proverbs 16.

The words of a man's mouth are as deep waters, and the wellspring of wisdom as a flowing brook.

Proverbs 18.4.

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

42] *Watch therefore: for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.*

43] *But know this, that if the good man of the house had known in what watch the thief would come, he would have watched, and would not have suffered his house to be broken up.*

44] *Therefore be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh.*

Matthew 24.

If thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it? and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works?

Proverbs 24.12.

33] *Either make the tree good, and his fruit good; or else make the tree corrupt, and his fruit corrupt: for the tree is known by his fruit.*

34] *O generation of vipers, how can ye, being evil, speak good things? for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.*

35] *A good man out of the good treasure of the heart bringeth forth good things: and an evil man out of the evil treasure bringeth forth evil things.*

36] *But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.*

37] *For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.*

MATTHEW 12.

Conceit is God's gift to little men.

BRUCE BARTON.

27] *He that hath knowledge spareth his words: and a man of understanding is of an excellent spirit.*

28] *Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise: and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding.*

PROVERBS 17.

For, say a foolish thing oft enough
(And here's the secret of a hundred creeds,
Men get opinions as boys learn to spell,
By reiteration chiefly), the same thing
Shall pass at last for absolutely wise,
And not with fools exclusively.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

9] *Thus speaketh the Lord of hosts, saying, Execute true judgment, and shew mercy and compassions every man to his brother:*

10] *And oppress not the widow, nor the fatherless, the stranger, nor the poor; and let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart.*

ZECHARIAH 7.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday. Today is a king in disguise. Today always looks mean to the thoughtless, in the face of a uniform experience that all good and great and happy actions are made up precisely of these blank todays. Let us not be so deceived; let us unmask the king as he passes! He only is rich who owns the day, and no one owns the day who allows it to be invaded with worry, fret and anxiety. Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities no doubt crept in; forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is all that is good and fair. It is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Today is your day and mine, the only day we have, the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand, but we are here to play it, and now is our time. It is for us to express love in terms of helpfulness. This we know, for we have learned from sad experience that any other course of life leads toward decay and waste.

DAVID STARR JORDAN.

Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth.

REVELATION 3.10.

16] *Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?*

17] *If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.*

18] *Let no man deceive himself. If any man among you seemeth to be wise in this world, let him become a fool, that he may be wise.*

19] *For the wisdom of this world is foolishness with God. For it is written, He taketh the wise in their own craftiness.*

20] *And again, The Lord knoweth the thoughts of the wise, that they are vain.*

1 CORINTHIANS 3.

Today
Unsullied comes to thee, newborn;
Tomorrow is not thine;
The sun may cease to shine
For thee ere earth shall greet its morn.
Be earnest, then, in thought and deed,
Nor fear approaching night;
Calm comes with evening light,
And hope, and peace. Thy duty heed
Today!

JOHN RUSKIN.

From "BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

I made it a rule to forbear all direct contradiction to the sentiments of others, and all positive assertion of my own. I even forbade myself the use of every word of expression in the language that imported a fixed opinion, such as *certainly, undoubtedly,* etc., and I adopted, instead of them I *conceive,* I *apprehend,* or I *imagine* a thing to be so or so; or *it so appears to me at present.*

When another asserted something that I thought an error, I denied myself the pleasure of contradicting him abruptly, and of showing immediately some absurdity in his proposition: and in answering I began by observing that in certain cases or circumstances his opinion would be right, but in the present case there appeared or seemed to me some difference, etc.

I soon found the advantage of this change in my manner; the conversations I engaged in went on more pleasantly. The modest way in which I proposed my opinions procured them a readier reception and less contradiction; I had less mortification when I was found to be in the wrong, and I more easily prevailed with others to give up their mistakes and join with me when I happened to be in the right.

He that answereth a matter before he heareth it, it is folly and shame unto him.

PROVERBS 18.13.

I do not wish to expiate, but *to live.* My life is not an apology, but a life. It is for itself and not for a spectacle. I must prefer that it should be of lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than it should be glittering and unsteady.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A reproof entereth more into a wise man than an hundred stripes into a fool.

Proverbs 17.10.

9] *The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?*

10] *I the Lord search the heart, I try the reins, even to give every man according to his ways, and according to the fruit of his doings.*

11] *As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool.*

Jeremiah 17.

SAYING AND DOING

Thus speaketh Christ our Lord to us:
Ye call me Master, and obey me not;
Ye call me Light, and see me not;
Ye call me Way, and walk me not;
Ye call me Life, and desire me not;
Ye call me Wise, and follow me not;
Ye call me Fair, and love me not;
Ye call me Rich, and ask me not;
Ye call me Eternal, and seek me not;
Ye call me Gracious, and trust me not;
Ye call me Noble, and serve me not;
Ye call me Mighty, and honor me not;
Ye call me Just, and fear me not:
If I condemn you, blame me not.

From an old slab in the Cathedral of Lubeck.

Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment.

John 7.21.

In men whom men condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine,
I find so much of sin and blot.

I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two, when God has not.

Joaquin Miller.

I have had more trouble with myself than any other person I know.

Dwight L. Moody.

The way of a fool is right in his own eyes: but he that hearkeneth unto counsel is wise.

Proverbs 12.15.

Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom: and with all thy getting get understanding.

Proverbs 4.7.

Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, which is new Jerusalem, which cometh down out of heaven from my God: and I will write upon him my new name.

Revelation 3.12.

How much better is it to get wisdom than gold! and to get understanding rather to be chosen than silver!

PROVERBS 16.16.

A light supper, a good night's sleep and a fine morning have often made a hero of the same man who, by indigestion, a restless night, and a rainy morning, would have proved a coward. . . .

Know the true value of time; snatch, seize and enjoy every moment of it. No idleness, no laziness, no procrastination. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

Have ye founded your thrones and altars, then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think you that building shall endure,
Which shelters the noble, and crushes the poor?

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

An high look, and a proud heart, and the plowing of the wicked, is sin.

PROVERBS 21.4.

—This, above all: To thine own self be true;
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

ALONE WITH GOD

He who himself God would know,
Into the silence let him go,
And, lifting off pall after pall,
Reach to the inmost depths of all.

How small in that uplifted hour
Temptation's lure and passion's power!
How weak the foe that made him fall!
How strong the soul to conquer all!

A mighty wind of nobler will
Sends through his soul its quickening thrill;
No more a creature of the clod,
He knows himself a child of God.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

7] *Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection?*

8] *It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know?*

9] *The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea.*

JOB II.

DUTY

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest.

Ecclesiastes 9.10.

THERE IS NO PAYMENT

Brother, there is no payment in the world;
We work and pour our labor at the feet
Of those who are around us and to come.
We live and take our living at the hands
Of those who are around us and have been.
No one is paid. No person can have more
Than he can hold. And none can do beyond
The power that's in him. To each child that's born
Belongs as much of all our human good
As he can take and use to make him strong.
And from each man, debtor to all the world,
Is due the fullest fruit of all his powers,
His whole life's labor, proudly rendered up,
Not as return—can moments pay an age?
But as the simple duty of a man.
Can he do less—receiving everything?

Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

So here hath been dawning
  Another blue day.
Think, will thou let it
  Slip away?

Out of Eternity
  This new day is born;
Into Eternity
  At night it will return.

Behold it aforetime,
  No eye ever did:
So soon it forever
  From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
  Another blue day:
Think, will thou let it
  Slip useless away?

THOMAS CARLYLE.

Let not the sluggish sleep
Close up thy waking eye,
Until with judgment deep
Thy daily deeds thou try.

He that one sin in conscience keeps
When he to quiet goes,
More venturous is than he that sleeps
With twenty mortal foes.

WILLIAM BYRD.

We cannot all serve within the temple, but those who hew the wood and draw the water are also needed, and the faithful and joyful performance of their duties is just as necessary to the success of the whole as is the service of those charged with greater responsibilities. Let us only put the spirit of divine service into our daily task, gladdening and beautifying what might otherwise seem routine drudgery with the thought that, in its faithful performance, we are demonstrating the truth that work done for God lifts both work and worker.

Unless we can touch and feel God in the commonplaces, He is going to be a very infrequent and unfamiliar guest. For life is made up of very ordinary experiences. Now and again a novelty leaps into the way; but the customary tenor is rarely broken. It is the ordinary stars that shine upon us night after night; it is only occasionally that a comet comes our way. Look at some of the daily commonplaces: health, sleep, bread and butter, work, friendship, a few flowers by the wayside, the laughter of children, the ministry of song, the bright day, the cool night; if I do not perceive God in these things I have a very unhallowed and insignificant world. On the other hand, the man who discovers the divine in a loaf of bread and lifts his song of praise has a wonderful world, for Divinity will call to him on every side.

John Henry Jowett.

Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God.

2] *Moreover it is required in stewards, that a man be found faithful.*

1 Corinthians 4.

"Two hands upon the breast,
  And labor's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest,—
  The race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
  And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
  Anger at peace":
So pray we oftentimes, mourning our lot;
God in his kindness answereth not.

"Two hands to work addressed
  Aye for his praise;
Two feet that never rest,
  Walking his ways;
Two eyes that look above
  Through all their tears;
Two lips still breathing love,
  Not wrath nor fears":
So pray we afterwards, low on our knees;
Pardon those erring prayers! Father, hear these!

DINAH MULOCH CRAIK.

9] *Then spake the Lord to Paul in the night by a vision, Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace:*

10] *For I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city.*

ACTS 18.

Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.

2 TIMOTHY 2.15.

We never know for what God is preparing us in His schools, for what work on earth, for what work in the hereafter. Our business is to do our work well in the present place, whatever that may be.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

I used to run with red-gold sun
   And sing with the silver stars;
My little gray tasks they hushed my song
   And fastened my door with bars.

In crimson clad I danced as mad
   As the leaf when the fields are brown;
My little gray tasks they stilled my feet
   And riddled my crimson gown.

But when hope failed and my spirit quailed
   At the desolate days in view,
'Twas the little gray tasks that took my hands
   And guided me safely through.

ANONYMOUS.

His lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

MATTHEW 25.21.

I AM ONE ONLY

I am one only,
But I am one.
I cannot do everything,
But I can do something.
What I can do
I ought to do;
And what I ought to do
By the grace of God I will do.

Canon Farrar.

27] *Only let your conversation be as it becometh the gospel of Christ: that whether I come and see you, or else be absent, I may hear of your affairs, that ye stand fast in one spirit, with one mind striving together for the faith of the gospel:*

28] *And in nothing terrified by your adversaries: which is to them an evident token of perdition, but to you of salvation, and that of God.*

29] *For unto you it is given in the behalf of Christ, not only to believe on him, but also to suffer for his sake.*

Philippians i.

Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest.

Matthew 9.38.

It is not well for a man to pray cream, and live skim milk.

Henry Ward Beecher.

I therefore the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, . . .

3] *Endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.*

EPHESIANS 3.

THE SHEPHERD WHO STAYED

There are in Paradise
Souls neither great nor wise,
Yet souls who wear no less
The crown of faithfulness.

My master bade me watch the flock by night,
My duty was to stay. I do not know
What thing my comrades saw in that great light,
I did not heed the words that bade them go.
I know not were they maddened or afraid;
I only know I stayed.

The hillside seemed on fire; I felt the sweep
Of wings above my head; I ran to see
If any danger threatened these my sheep.
What though I found them folded quietly,
What though my brother wept and plucked my sleeve,
These were not mine to leave.

Thieves in the wood and wolves upon the hill,
My duty was to stay. Strange though it be,
I had no thought to hold my mates, no will
To bid them wait and keep the watch with me,
I had not heard that summons they obeyed;
I only know I stayed.

Perchance they will return upon the dawn
With word of Bethlehem and why they went,
I only know that, watching here alone,
I know a strange content,
I have not failed that trust upon me laid,
I ask no more—I stayed.

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?

MICAH 6.8.

COURAGE

From PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

To suffer woes which Hope thinks infinite:
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power, which seems omnipotent;
To love, and bear; to hope till Hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
   Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2] *When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.*

3] *Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.*

4] *One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.*

5] *For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.*

PSALM 27.

5] *There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life: as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.*

6] *Be strong and of a good courage: for unto this people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land, which I sware unto their fathers to give them.*

7] *Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee: turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest.*

8] *This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success.*

9] *Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.*

JOSHUA I.

BE STRONG

We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,
We have hard work to do, and loads to lift.
Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.
Say not the days are evil—who's to blame?
And fold the hands and acquiesce—O shame!
Stand up, speak out, and bravely, in God's name.
It matters not how deep entrenched the wrong,
How hard the battle goes, the day how long,
Faint not, fight on! To-morrow comes the song.

MALTBIE DAVENPORT BABCOCK.

Taking up your cross is carrying whatever you find is given you to carry as well and stoutly as you can without making faces or calling people to come and look at you. All you have to do is to keep your back straight and not think of what is on it—above all do not *boast* of what is on it.

JOHN RUSKIN.

BARNACLES

My soul is sailing through the sa,
But the Past is heavy and hinders me.
The Past has crusted cumbrous shells
That hold the flesh of cold sea smells
  About my soul.
The huge waves wash, the high waves roll,
Each barnacle clingeth and worketh dole
  And hindreth me from sailing.

Old Past let go and drop i' the sa
Till fathomless waters cover thee!
For I am living but thou art dead;
Thou drawest back, I strive ahad
  The Day to find.
Thy shells unbind! Night comes behind;
I needs must hurry with the wind
  And trim me best for sailing.

SIDNEY LANIER.

It is not life that matters, but the courage you bring to it.

HUGH WALPOLE.

But what if I fail of my purpose here?
It is but to keep the nerves at strain,
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall.
And, baffled, get up and begin again—
So the chase take up one's life,—that's all.

ROBERT BROWNING.

YOU AND TODAY

With every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun.
The past has shrived, and buried deep
All yesterdays; there let them sleep.
Nor seek to summon back one ghost
Of that innumerable host.
Concern yourself with but today,
Woo it, and teach it to obey
Your will and wish. Since time began,
Today has been the friend of man;
But in his blindness and his sorrow,
He looks to yesterday and tomorrow.
You, and today! a soul sublime,
And the great pregnant hour of time,
With God Himself to bind the twain!
Go forth, I say—attain, attain!

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

. . . *I will give thee places to walk among these that stand by.*

ZECHARIAH 3.7.

INVICTUS

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

. . . . . .

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul."

William Ernest Henley.

28] *Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding.*

29] *He giveth power to the faint: and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.*

30] *Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall:*

31] *But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.*

Isaiah 40.

I am wounded but I am not slain, . . . I will lay me down and bleed awhile and then I will rise and fight again.

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

For God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.

2 TIMOTHY 1.7.

Live for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue, that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with, year by year. You will never be forgotten. Your name, your deeds will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

CHALMERS.

32] *It is God that girdeth me with strength, and maketh my way perfect.*

33] *He maketh my feet like hinds' feet, and setteth me upon my high places.*

34] *He teacheth my hands to war, so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms.*

35] *Thou hast also given me the shield of thy salvation: and thy right hand hath holden me up, and thy gentleness hath made me great.*

36] *Thou hast enlarged my steps under me, that my feet did not slip.*

PSALM 18.

If thou faint in the day of adversity, thy strength is small.

PROVERBS 24.10.

THE ANSWER

For St. Paul the answer to the question "What wilt thou have me do?" was the beasts of Ephesus, the shipwreck on the Mediterranean, the dungeon at Rome, and the martyr's crown.

For the early disciples the answer was the swift, fierce blows of persecution, scattering them as sheep without a shepherd.

For John Huss it was a kindled fire. For John Coleridge Patteson it was the Pacific Isles and death at the hands of the savages. For Ignatius it was the lions, for Polycarp and Savonarola, the fire.

For the Waldenses the answer was the dens and caves of the Alps; for Livingstone, death in an African hut; for the Pilgrim fathers, banishment, a perilous journey over raging seas, and a bleak welcome from savage tribes.

For many the answer will be exile and loneliness, love and service, in lands where they will see no white face and hear no familiar voice save His. Such a life will not be easy, but it will be worth living.

ANONYMOUS.

When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid: yea, thou shalt lie down and thy sleep shall be sweet.

PROVERBS 3.24.

The righteous shall be glad in the Lord, and shall trust in him: and all the upright in heart shall glory.

Psalm 64.10.

THE AWAKENING

When the white dawn comes
  I shall kneel to welcome it;
The dread that darkened on my eyes
  Shall vanish and be gone.
I shall look upon it
  As the parched on fountains,
Yet it was the blinding night
  That taught the joy of dawn.

When the first bird sings,
  Oh, I shall hear rejoicing,
And all my life shall thrill to it
  And all my heart draw near.
I shall lean to listen
  Lest a note elude me,
Yet it was the fearsome night
  That taught me how to hear.

When the sun comes up
  I shall lift my arms to it;
The fear of fear shall fall from me
  As shackles from a slave.
I shall run to hail it,
  Free and unbewildered,
Yet it was the silent night
  That taught me to be brave.

Theodosia Garrison.

7] *For the Lord God will help me; therefore shall I not be confounded: therefore have I set my face like a flint, and I know that I shall not be ashamed.*

8] *He is near that justifieth me; who will contend with me? let us stand together: who is mine adversary? let him come near to me.*

9] *Behold, the Lord God will help me; who is he that shall condemn me? lo, they all shall wax old as a garment; the moth shall eat them up.*

10] *Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of his servant, that walketh in darkness, and hath no light? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.*

11] *Behold, all ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks: walk in the light of your fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled. This shall ye have of mine hand; ye shall lie down in sorrow.*

Isaiah 50.

From THANATOPSIS

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

William Cullen Bryant.

O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2] *Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings has thou ordained strength because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.*

3] *When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;*

4] *What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?*

5] *For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour.*

6] *Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:*

7] *All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;*

8] *The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.*

9] *O Lord our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!*

PSALM 8.

FAITH

38] *For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come,*

39] *Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.*

ROMANS 8.

For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.

JAMES 2.26.

Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen.

HEBREWS 11.1.

THE LESSON OF THE TREE

I think the tree has taught me more
Than all the things that I adore.
It clings to earth, yet seeks the sky,
And never has it questioned why.

EDWIN LEIBFREED.

35] *For whoso findeth me, findeth life.*

PROVERBS 8.

SOME TIME, SOMEWHERE

Unanswered yet, the prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail, is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not the Father hath not heard your prayer;
You shall have your desire, some time, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known;
Though years have passed since then, do not despair;
The Lord will answer you some time, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted;
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done;
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what he has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there.
His glory you shall see, some time, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered.
Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock:
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thundershock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer;
And cries, "It shall be done," some time, somewhere.

OPHELIA GUYON BROWNING.

20] *But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept.*

21] *For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead.*

22] *For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.*

I CORINTHIANS 15.

22] *And straightway Jesus constrained his disciples to get into a ship, and to go before him unto the other side, while he sent the multitudes away.*

23] *And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray: and when the evening was come, he was there alone.*

24] *But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves: for the wind was contrary.*

25] *And in the fourth watch of the night Jesus went unto them, walking on the sea.*

26] *And when the disciples saw him walking on the sea, they were troubled, saying, It is a spirit; and they cried out for fear.*

27] *But straightway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid.*

28] *And Peter answered him and said, Lord, if it be thou, bid me come unto thee on the water.*

29] *And he said, Come. And when Peter was come down out of the ship, he walked on the water, to go to Jesus.*

30] *But when he saw the wind boisterous, he was afraid; and beginning to sink, he cried, saying, Lord, save me.*

31] *And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?*

32] *And when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased.*

MATTHEW 14.

THE GUEST

Speechless Sorrow sat with me;
I was sighing wearily;
Lamp and fire were out, the rain
Wildly beat the window pane.
In the dark I heard a knock,
And a hand was on the lock;
One in waiting spake to me,
  Saying sweetly,
"I came to sup with thee."

All my room was dark and damp:
"Sorrow," said I, "Trim the lamp,
Light the fire and cheer thy face,
Set the guest-chair in its place."
And again I heard the knock;
In the dark I found the lock;—
"Enter, I have turned the key;
  Enter Stranger,
Who art come to sup with me."

Opening wide the door he came,
But I could not speak his name;
In the guest-chair took his place,
But I could not see his face.
When my cheerful fire was beaming,
When my little lamp was gleaming,
And the feast was spread for three,
  Lo, my Master
Was the Guest that supped with me.

Harriet McEwen Kimbell.

GOD MAKES A PATH

God makes a path, provides a guide,
And feeds a wilderness;
His glorious name, while breath remains,
Oh that I may confess.

Lost many a time, I have had no guide,
No home but a hollow tree!
In stormy winter night no fire,
No food, no company;

In him I found a house, a bed,
A table, company;
No cup so bitter but's made sweet,
Where God shall sweetening be.

ROGER WILLIAMS.

11] *So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.*

12] *For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands.*

13] *Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.*

ISAIAH 55.

6] *Leave off, ye simple ones, and live, and walk in the ways of understanding.*

PROVERBS 6.

Preserve me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust.

2] *O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord: my goodness extendeth not to thee:*

3] *But to the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight.*

4] *Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god: their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their names into my lips.*

5] *The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.*

6] *The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.*

7] *I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel: my reins also instruct me in the night seasons.*

8] *I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.*

9] *Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.*

10] *For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.*

11] *Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.*

PSALM 16.

My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous:

2] *And he is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.*

3] *And hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments.*

1 JOHN 2.

O Lord, be not far from me.

PSALM 35.22.

TRUST

Holy Father, thou hast taught me
  I should live to thee alone.
Year by year thy hand hath brought me
  On through dangers oft unknown.
When I wandered, thou hast found me;
  When I doubted, sent me light,
Still thine arm has been around me,
  All my paths were in thy sight.

In the world will foes assail me,
  Craftier, stronger far than I;
And the strife may never fail me,
  Well I know, before I die.
Therefore, Lord, I come, believing
  Thou canst give the power I need;
Through the prayer of faith receiving
  Strength—the Spirit's strength, indeed.

I would trust in thy protection,
  Wholly rest upon thine arm;
Follow wholly thy direction,
  Thou, mine only guard from harm.
Keep me from mine own undoing,
  Help me turn to thee when tried,
Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,
  Keep me ever at thy side!

ANONYMOUS.

AT THE END OF LOVE

At the end of Love, at the end of Life,
At the end of Hope, at the end of Strife,
At the end of all we cling to so—
The sun is setting so must we go?

At dawn of Love, at dawn of Life,
At dawn of Peace that follows Strife,
At dawn of all we long for so—
The sun is rising—let us go!

Louise Chandler Moulton.

I will praise thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will shew forth all thy marvellous works.

2] *I will be glad and rejoice in thee: I will sing praise to thy name, O thou most High.*

Psalm 9.

FEET

Where the sun shines in the street
There are very many feet
Seeking God all unaware
That their hastening is a prayer.
Perhaps these feet would deem it odd
(Who think they are so business bent)
If some one went
And told them, "You are seeking God."

Mary Carolyn Davies.

I will sing with the spirit.

I CORINTHIANS 14.15.

17] *Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls:*

18] *Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.*

19] *The Lord God is my strength, and he will make my feet like hinds' feet, and he will make me to walk upon mine high places. To the chief singer on my stringed instruments.*

HABAKKUK 3.

5] *Thus saith the Lord; Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord.*

6] *For he shall be like the heath in the desert, and shall not see when good cometh; but shall inhabit the parched places in the wilderness, in a salt land and not inhabited.*

7] *Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is.*

8] *For he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.*

JEREMIAH 17.

And the Lord make you to increase and abound in love one toward another, and toward all men.

I THESSALONIANS 3.12.

33] *For blessed are they that keep my ways.*

Proverbs 8.

GOD KNOWS BEST

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone:
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
And what for me were favoring breeze
Might dash another, with the shock
Of doom, upon some hidden rock.

And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to a Higher Will
To stay or speed me; trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched my bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail,
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within his sheltering heaven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

Caroline Atherton Mason.

Simon Peter, a servant and an apostle of Jesus Christ to them that have obtained like precious faith with us through the righteousness of God and our Saviour Jesus Christ:

2] *Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord,*

3] *According as his divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of him that hath called us to glory and virtue:*

4] *Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust.*

5] *And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge;*

6] *And to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness;*

7] *And to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity.*

8] *For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

9] *But he that lacketh these things is blind, and cannot see afar off, and hath forgotten that he was purged from his old sins.*

10] *Wherefore the rather, brethren, give diligence to make your calling and election sure: for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall:*

11] *For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.*

2 PETER I.

25] *Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live:*

26] *And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.*

JOHN II.

THE FLIGHT OF THE ARROW

The life of man
  Is an arrow in flight,
Out of darkness
  Into light.
And out of light
  Into darkness again;
Perhaps to pleasure,
  Perhaps to pain.

There must be something
  Above or below;
Somewhere unseen
  A mighty Bow,
A Hand that tires not,
  A sleepless Eye,
That sees the arrows
  Fly and fly;
One who knows
  Why we live—and die.

Richard Henry Stoddard.

Lord, dost Thou know?—I know what is in man;
What the flesh can, and what the spirit can.

Lord, dost Thou care?—Yea, for thy gain or loss
So much I cared, it brought Me to the Cross.

Christina Rossetti.

A LOOK BACKWARD BY "A FAILURE"

To look back upon the past year and see how little we have striven, and to what small purpose; and how often we have been cowardly and hung back, or temerarious and rushed unwisely in; and how every day and all day long we have transgressed the law of kindness; it may seem a paradox, but in the bitterness of these discoveries a certain consolation resides.

Life is not designed to minister to a man's vanity. He goes upon his long business most of the time with a hanging head, and all the time like a blind child. Full of rewards and pleasures as it is—so that to see the day break or the moon rise, or to meet a friend, or to hear the dinner call when he is hungry, fills him with surprising joys—this world is yet for him no abiding city. Friendships fall through, health fails, weariness assails him; year after year he must thumb the hardly varying record of his own weakness and folly. It is a friendly process of detachment.

When the time comes that he should go, there need be few illusions left about himself. Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much; surely that may be his epitaph, of which he need not be ashamed. Nor will he complain at the summons which calls a defeated soldier from the field; defeated, ay, if he were Paul or Marcus Aurelius!—but if there is still one inch of fight in his old spirit, undishonored. The faith which sustained him in his life-long blindness and life-long disappointment will scarce even be required in this last formality of laying down his arms. Give him a march with his old bones; there, out of the glorious sun-colored earth, out of the day, and the dust, and the ecstasy—there goes another Faithful Failure!

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

5] *Then shalt thou understand the fear of God.*

PROVERBS 2.

THE SCHOOL TEACHER'S CREED

I believe in boys and girls, the men and women of a great tomorrow; that whatsoever the boy soweth the man shall reap.

I believe in the curse of ignorance, in the efficacy of schools, in the dignity of teaching, and in the joy of serving others.

I believe in wisdom as revealed in human lives as well as in the pages of a printed book, in lessons taught, not so much by precept as by example, in ability to work with the hands as well as to think with the head, in everything that makes life large and lovely.

I believe in beauty in the schoolroom, in the home, in daily life and in out-of-doors.

I believe in laughter, in love, in faith, in all ideals and distant hopes that lure us on.

I believe that every hour of every day we receive a just reward for all we are and all we do.

I believe in the present and its opportunities, in the future and its promises and in the divine joy of living. Amen.

Edwin Osgood Grober.

Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ:

2] *By whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.*

3] *And not only so, but we glory in tribulations also: knowing that tribulation worketh patience;*

4] *And patience, experience; and experience, hope:*

Romans 5.

3] *Let not mercy and truth forsake thee.*

Proverbs 3.

GOD KNOWS

I will not murmur when small things go wrong,
When plans of mine long cherished weaken, fall;
When hushed upon my lips is life's glad song;
When joys long sought have vanished past recall,—
God knows,—God knows.

I will not weakly weep the hours away,
Though Marah's waters flow around my feet,
Though life's fair sky be shadowed leaden gray,
Though rue be mine instead of roses sweet,—
God knows,—God knows.

I will not drop from weary hands, toil-worn,
The task unfinished, though a burden sore;
Though earth's fair pleasures from my grasp be torn,
Though sorrow's keenest pain my cup brim o'er,—
God knows,—God knows.

I will not hold my sorrow or my joy
Too sacred to be laid before His throne;
I will not sully service with alloy,
Though every plan of mine be overthrown,—
God knows,—God knows.

A. J. McDougall.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

John 14.27.

TO GOD

Lord, I am like the mistletoe,
Which has no roots and cannot grow
Or prosper, but by that same tree
It clings about: so I to thee.
What need I then to fear at all
So long as I about thee crawl?
But if that tree should fall and die,
Tumble shall heaven, and so down will I.

ROBERT HERRICK.

My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? why art thou so far from helping me, and from the words of my roaring?

2] *O my God, I cry in the daytime, but thou hearest not; and in the night season, and am not silent . . .*

9] *But thou art he that took me out of the womb: thou didst make me hope when I was upon my mother's breasts.*

10] *I was cast upon thee from the womb: thou art my God from my mother's belly.*

11] *Be not far from me; for trouble is near; for there is none to help.*

PSALM 22.

Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established.

PROVERBS 16.3.

For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence stedfast unto the end.

HEBREWS 3.14.

I have believed the best of every man,
And find that to believe it is enough
To make a bad man show him at his best,
Or even a good man swing his lantern higher.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

35] *Then Jesus said unto them, Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you: for he that walketh in darkness knoweth not whither he goeth.*

36] *While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light. These things spake Jesus, and departed, and did hide himself from them.*

JOHN 12.

I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service.

2] *And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God.*

3] *For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith.*

ROMANS 12.

Judge me, O Lord; for I have walked in mine integrity: I have trusted also in the Lord; therefore I shall not slide.

2] *Examine me, O Lord, and prove me; try my reins and my heart.*

3] *For thy lovingkindness is before mine eyes: and I have walked in thy truth.*

PSALM 26.

FAITH

There is an understanding and a light,
It is that sense of soul in dark of night
Of something near, and though we cannot see,
We feel its presence and proximity.
And thus it is when blindly on we fare,
Attended by no solace but a prayer,
And chaos and the future hem us in,
We sense a Presence and a Voice within:
And though uncertainty's Red Sea we face,
And fears like Pharaoh's hosts pursue apace,
New courage flashes in on languished will
With Destiny's divine command, "Stand still!"
And in that darkest hour the soul can see
The glory that attends tranquility.

EDWIN LEIBFREED.

14] *Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same; that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, . . .*

15] *And deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.*

HEBREWS 2.

THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY

There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

We may not know, we cannot tell,
What pain he had to bear;
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

Cecil F. Alexander.

10] *And if Christ be in you, the body is dead because of sin; but the Spirit is life because of righteousness.*

11] *But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, he that raiseth up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by his Spirit that dwelleth in you.*

12] *Therefore, brethren, we are debtors, not to the flesh, to live after flesh.*

13] *For if ye live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.*

14] *For as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.*

Romans 8.

13] *Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.*

14] *For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.*

Psalm 103.

FAITH

You say, "Where goest thou?" I cannot tell,
And still go on. If but the way be straight
I cannot go amiss: before me lies
Dawn and the day: the night behind me: that
Suffices me: I break the bounds: I see,
And nothing more; believe and nothing less.
My future is not one of my concerns.

VICTOR HUGO.
Translated by EDWARD DOWDEN.

And as Jesus passed by, he saw a man which was blind from his birth.

2] *And his disciples asked him, saying, Master, who did sin, this man, or his parents, that he was born blind?*

3] *Jesus answered, Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents: but that the works of God should be made manifest in him.*

4] *I must work the works of him that sent me, while it is day: the night cometh, when no man can work.*

5] *As long as I am in the world, I am the light of the world.*

6] *When he had thus spoken, he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle, and he anointed the eyes of the blind man with the clay.*

7] *And said unto him, Go wash in the pool of Siloam (which is by interpretation, Sent.) He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing.*

JOHN 9.

Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away.

MATTHEW 24.35.

TRUST

I do not ask that God shall always make
My pathway light;
I only pray that He will hold my hand
Throughout the night.
I do not hope to have the thorns removed
That pierce my feet;
I only ask to find His blessed arms
My sure retreat.

If He afflicts me, then in my distress
Withholds His hand—
If all His wisdom I can not conceive
Or understand,
I do not seek to always know His why
Or wherefore here;
But sometime He will take my hand, and make
His meaning clear.

If in His furnace He refines my heart
To make it pure,
I only ask for grace to trust His love—
Strength to endure.
And if fierce storms beat round me, and the heavens
Be overcast,
I know that He will give His weary one
Sweet peace at last.

Lizzie Clarke Hardy.

5] *Trust in the Lord with all thine heart, and lean not upon thine own understanding.*

Proverbs 3.

Sometimes, I know not why, nor how, nor whence,
A change comes over me, and then the task
Of common life slips from me. Would you ask
What power is this which bids the world go hence?
Who knows? I only feel a faint perfume
Steal through the room of life; a saddened sense
Of something lost; a music as of brooks
That babble to the sea; pathetic looks
Of closing eyes that in a darkened room
Once dwelt on mine; I feel the general doom
Creep nearer, and with God I stand alone.
O Mystic sense of sudden quickening!
Hope's lark-song rings, or life's deep undertone
Wails through my heart—and then I needs must sing.

James William Dawson.

And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into an high mountain apart.

2] *And was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light.*

3] *And, behold, there appeared unto them Moses and Elias talking with him . . .*

5] *A bright cloud overshadowed them: and behold a voice out of the cloud, which said, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye him.*

6] *And when the disciples heard it, they fell on their face, and were sore afraid.*

7] *And Jesus came and touched them, and said, Arise, and be not afraid.*

8] *And when they had lifted up their eyes, they saw no man, save Jesus only.*

Matthew 17.

AT BEST

The faithful helm commands the keel,
  From port to port fair breezes blow;
But the ship must sail the convex sea,
  Nor may she straighter go.

. . . . . .

From soul to soul the shortest line
  At best will bended be.
The ship that holds the straightest course
  Still sails the convex sea.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust; let me never be ashamed: deliver me in thy righteousness.

2] *Bow down thine ear to me; deliver me speedily: be thou my strong rock, for an house of defence to save me.*

3] *For thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me.*

4] *Pull me out of the net that they have laid privily for me: for thou art my strength.*

5] *Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.*

6] *I have hated them that regard lying vanities: but I trust in the Lord.*

7] *I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercy: for thou hast considered my trouble; thou hast known my soul in adversities;*

8] *And hast not shut me up into the hand of the enemy: thou hast set my feet in a large room.*

9] *Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am in trouble. . . .*

Psalm 31.

"HE KNOWETH ALL"

The twilight falls, the night is near,
  I fold my work away
And kneel to One who bends to hear
  The story of the day.

The old, old story; yet I kneel
  To tell it at His call;
And cares grow lighter as I feel
  That Jesus knows them all.

Yes, all; the morning and the night,
  The joy, the grief, the loss,
The roughened path, the sunbeams bright,
  The hourly thorn and cross.

He knoweth all—I lean my head,
  My weary eyelids close,
Content and glad awhile to tread
  This path, since Jesus knows.

And he has loved me; all my heart
  With answering love is stirred,
And every anguished pain and smart
  Finds healing in the Word.

So here I lay me down to rest,
  As nightly shadows fall,
And lean confiding on his breast,
  Who knows and pities all.

Anonymous.

23] *Oh that my words were now written! oh that they were printed in a book!*

24] *That they were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock for ever!*

25] *For I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth:*

26] *And though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God:*

27] *Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another; though my reins be consumed within me.*

JOB 19.

GOD'S GOODNESS

God has been good to me. To tell in part
Demands new words and all eternity.
His gracious bounty in so many ways
Has blessed me through bright years of happy days
I have not eloquence to voice His praise.
I can but say again, with grateful heart,
God has been good to me.

God will be good to me. I would face out
Toward the great unknown with trustful eyes.
He has sustained me with such tender care,
I have had love to give and lend and share,
And ever found it waiting everywhere.
Then of the future why should I have doubt?
God will be good to me.

MRS. GERTRUDE RING HOMANS.

He that is down need fear no fall,
  He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
  Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
  Little it be or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
  Because Thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is
  Who go on pilgrimage:
Here little, and hereafter bliss
  Is best from age to age.

John Bunyon.

It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in man.

Psalm 118.8.

THE CONCLUSION

Even such is time, that takes in trust
  Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
  Who, in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
  Shuts up the story of our days;
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
  My God shall raise me up, I trust.

Sir Walter Raleigh.

The Lord is gracious, and full of compassion; slow to anger, and of great mercy.

PSALM 145.8.

35] *And Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst.*

36] *But I said unto you, That ye also have seen me, and believe not.*

37] *All that the Father giveth me shall come to me; and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.*

38] *For I came down from heaven, not to do mine own will, but the will of him that sent me.*

39] *And this is the Father's will which hath sent me, that of all which he hath given me I should lose nothing, but should raise it up again at the last day.*

40] *And this is the will of him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day.*

JOHN 6.

What matter it though life uncertain be
  To all? What though its goal
Be never reached? What though it fall and flee—
  Have we not each a soul?
Be like the bird that on a bough too frail
  To bear him gayly swings;
He carols though the slender branches fail—
  He knows that he has wings!

VICTOR HUGO.

HIS HANDS

The hands of Christ
Seem very frail
For they were broken
By a nail.

But only they
Reach Heaven at last
Whom these frail, broken
Hands hold fast.

JOHN RICHARD MORELAND.

CHRIST IN WOOLWORTH'S

I did not think to find You there—
Crucifixes, large and small,
Sixpence and threepence, on a tray,
Among the artificial pearls,
Paste rings, tin watches, beads of glass,
It seemed so strange to find You there
Fingered by people coarse and crass,
Who had no reverence at all.
Yet—what is it that You would say?
"For these I hang upon My cross
For these the agony and loss,
Though heedlessly they pass Me by."
Dear Lord, forgive such fools as I.
Who thought it strange to find You there,
When You are with us everywhere.

TERESA HOOLEY.

From IN MEMORIAM

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last—far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

Alfred Tennyson.

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

Proverbs 3.6.

CALM SOUL

Calm soul of all things! be it mine
  To feel amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine
  Man did not make and cannot mar!

The will to neither strive nor cry
  The power to feel with others give!
Calm, calm we move! nor let me die
  Before I have begun to live.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

17] *But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear him, and his righteousness unto children's children;*

18] *To such as keep his covenant, and to those that remember his commandments to do them.*

PSALM 103.

Ah love, let us be true
To one another! for the world which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy nor love nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help nor pain;
And we are here on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

OPEN MY EYES

Open my eyes, that I may see
Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
Place in my hands the wonderful key
That shall unclasp, and set me free.

Silently now I wait for Thee,
Ready, my God, Thy will to see;
Open my eyes, illumine me,
    Spirit divine.

Open my ears, that I may hear
Voices of truth Thou sendest clear;
And while the wave-notes fall on my ear,
Everything false will disappear.

Open my mouth, and let me bear
Gladly the warm truth everywhere;
Open my heart, and let me prepare,
Love with Thy children thus to share.

Clara H. Scott.

3] *Trust in the Lord, and do good so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.*

4] *Delight thyself also in the Lord; and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart.*

5] *Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.*

Psalm 37.

5] *And when Jesus was entered into Capernaum, there came unto him a centurion, beseeching him,*

6] *And saying, Lord, my servant lieth at home sick of the palsy, grievously tormented.*

7] *And Jesus saith unto him, I will come and heal him.*

8] *The centurion answered and said, Lord, I am not worthy that thou shouldest come under my roof: but speak the word only, and my servant shall be healed.*

9] *For I am a man under authority, having soldiers under me: and I say to this man, Go, and he goeth; and to another, Come, and he cometh; and to my servant, Do this, and he doeth it.*

10] *When Jesus heard it, he marvelled, and said to them that followed, Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel . . .*

13] *And Jesus said unto the centurion, Go thy way; and as thou hast believed, so be it done unto thee. And his servant was healed in the selfsame hour.*

MATTHEW 8.

HAPPINESS

Someday people will learn that material things do not bring happiness and are of little use in making men and women creative and powerful. Then the scientists of the world will turn their laboratories over to the study of God and prayer and the spiritual forces which as yet have been hardly guessed at. When that day comes the world will see more advancement in one generation than it has seen in the past four.

Charles P. Steinmetz.

33] *O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!*

34] *For who hath known the mind of the Lord? or who hath been his counsellor?*

35] *Or who hath first given to him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again?*

36] *For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen.*

Romans 11.

FEED THE SOUL

If thou of fortune be bereft,
And in thy store here be but left
Two loaves—sell one, and with the dole
Buy hyacinths to feed thy soul.

Moslih Eddin Sandi.

12] *The fear of the Lord shall delight the weary,*
13] *And shall give gladness and joy and length of days.*

SIRACH I.

THE HAPPIEST HEART

Who drives the horses of the sun
  Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
  And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
  The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
  Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
  Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
  And left to heaven the rest.

JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2] *But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night.*

3] *And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.*

PSALM I.

Half of the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness. They think it consists in having and getting, and in being served by others. . . . It consists in giving and serving others. He that would be happy let him remember that there is but one way —it is more blessed, it is more happy, to give than to receive.

HENRY DRUMMOND.

10] *I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with jewels.*

11] *For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.*

ISAIAH 61.

LITTLE THINGS

Oh the little more, and how much it is!
And the little less and what worlds away!
How a sound shall quicken content to bliss,
Or a breath suspend the blood's best play—
And life be a proof of this!

ANONYMOUS.

'Tis not greatness they require
To be offered up in fire:
But 'tis sweetness that doth please
Those eternal verities.

ROBERT HERRICK.

GOD'S LILIES

Unfold, unfold. Take in his light
Who makest thy cares more short than night,
The joys with which His day-star rise
He deals to all but drowsy eyes:
And (what the men of this world miss)
Some drops and dews of future bliss.
Hark! how His winds have changed their note!
And with warm whispers call thee out.
The frosts are past, the storms are gone,
And backward life at last comes on.
The lofty groves in express joys
Reply unto the turtle's voice
And here in dust and dirt, O here
The lilies of his love appear!

HENRY VAUGHAN.

And again, I will put my trust in him. And again, Behold I and the children which God hath given me.

HEBREWS 2.13.

6] *For who in the heaven can be compared unto the Lord? who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto the Lord?*

7] *God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints, and to be had in reverence of all them that are about him.*

8] *O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto thee? or to thy faithfulness round about thee?*

PSALM 89.

14] *Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter: I did mourn as a dove: mine eyes fail with looking upward: O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me.*

15] *What shall I say? he hath both spoken unto me, and himself hath done it: I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul.*

16] *O Lord, by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit: so wilt thou recover me, and make me to live.*

17] *Behold, for peace I had great bitterness: but thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption: for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back.*

ISAIAH 38.

Let us hope that one day all mankind will be happy and wise; and though this day should never dawn, to have hoped for it cannot be wrong. And in any event it is helpful to speak of happiness to those who are sad, that thus at least they may learn what it is that happiness means. They are ever inclined to regard it as something beyond them, extraordinary, out of their reach. But if all who may count themselves happy were to tell, very simply, what it was that brought happiness to them, the others would see that between sorrow and joy the difference is but as between a gladsome, enlightened acceptance of life and a hostile gloomy submission, between a large and harmonious conception of life and one that is stubborn and narrow.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK.

We do not know how cheap the seeds of happiness are, or we should scatter them oftener.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

There is nothing better for a man, than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour. This also I saw, that it was from the hand of God.

ECCLESIASTES 2.24.

He always said "Good mornin',"
  An' emphasized the "good,"
As if he'd make it happy
  For each one, if he could.
"Good mornin'?" Just "good mornin'"
  To ev'ryone he met;
He said it with a twinkle
  That no one could forget.

He always said "Good mornin';"
  An' people used to say
That one o' his "good mornin's"
  Clung to you all the day,
An' made you always cheerful
  Just thinkin' o' the sound—
It always was "good mornin',"
  'Long as he was around.

He always said "Good mornin',"—
  An', glad an' happy-eyed,
Those were the words he whispered,
  The mornin' that he died.
Those were the words he whispered,
  As cheerful as he could—
An' I believe the angels—
  They emphasized the "good."

ANONYMOUS.

7] *I will mention the lovingkindnesses of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath bestowed on us, and the great goodness toward the house of Israel, which he hath bestowed on them according to his mercies, and according to the multitude of his lovingkindnesses.*

8] *For he said, Surely they are my people, children that will not lie: so he was their Saviour.*

9] *In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them: in his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them, and carried them all the days of old.*

Isaiah 63.

THE DUTY OF HAPPINESS

There is no duty we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. By being happy we sow anonymous benefits upon the world, which remain unknown even to ourselves, or, when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor. Do not forget that even as "to work is to worship," so to be cheery is to worship also, and to be happy is the first step to being pious. There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

All who joy would win,
Must share it. Happiness
Was born a twin.

George Gordon Byron.

O Father, when my heart has grown too weary, be thou near.

ANONYMOUS

I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

2] *My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.*

3] *O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.*

4] *I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.*

5] *They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.*

6] *This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.*

7] *The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.*

8] *O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.*

9] *O fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.*

10] *The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.*

11] *Come, ye children, hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.*

12] *What man is he that desireth life, and loveth many days, that he may see good?*

13] *Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile.*

14] *Depart from evil, and do good; seek peace, and pursue it.*

15] *The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry.*

PSALM 34.

O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

2] *To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.*

3] *Because thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.*

PSALM 63.

11] *Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing: thou hast put off my sackcloth, and girded me with gladness;*

12] *To the end that my glory may sing praise to thee, and not be silent. O Lord my God, I will give thanks unto thee for ever.*

PSALM 30.

SUFFERING

35] *And Jesus went about all the cities and villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing every sickness and every disease among the people.*

36] *But when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion on them, because they fainted, and were scattered abroad, as sheep having no shepherd.*

MATTHEW 9.

A LITTLE PARABLE

I made the cross myself whose weight
Was later laid on me.
This thought is torture as I toil
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!
I sang a merry song
And chose the heaviest wood I had
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed
Its weight was meant for me,
I should have made a lighter cross
To bear up Calvary.

ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

Thank God, bless God, all ye who suffer not
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well—
That is light grieving lighter, none befell;
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.
Tears! what are tears? The babe weeps in its cot,
The mother singing; at her marriage bell
The bride weeps; and before the oracle
Of high-faned hills, the poet has forgot
Such moisture on his cheeks. Thank God for grace,
We who weep only! If, as some have done,
Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place,
And touch but tombs—look up; Those tears will run
Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

In my distress I called upon the Lord, and cried unto my God: he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him.

Psalm 18.6.

Who ne'er has suffered, he has lived but half.
Who never failed, he never strove or sought.
Who never wept is stranger to a laugh
And he who never doubted, never thought.

J. B. Goode.

36] *Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.*

37] *And he took with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy.*

38] *Then saith he unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with me.*

39] *And he went a little farther, and fell on his face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt.*

40] *And he cometh unto the disciples and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What, could ye not watch with me one hour?*

41] *Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.*

42] *He went away again the second time, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, thy will be done.*

Matthew 26.

WITHOUT AND WITHIN

If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who raise our envy now?

The fatal secret, when revealed,
Of every aching breast,
Would prove that only while concealed
Their lot appeared the best.

Pietro Metastasio.

Who ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,
  Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours
Weeping upon his bed has sate,
  He knows you not, ye heavenly Powers.

JOHAN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE.

I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.

2] *I poured out my complaint before him; I shewed before him my trouble.*

3] *When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path. In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.*

4] *I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.*

5] *I cried unto thee, O Lord: I said, Thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.*

6] *Attend unto my cry; for I am brought very low: deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.*

7] *Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name: the righteous shall compass me about; for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.*

PSALM 142.

PRISONERS

If I should lose my sight and never see again,
I'd always hold two things within my memory—
Gulls poised in silvery flight above a cobalt sea,
And clumps of yellow aspens quivering in the rain.

HELEN M. LEHMAN.

Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be saved: for thou art my praise.

Jeremiah 17.14.

ANY WOMAN

When there is nothing left but darkness
And the day is like a leaf
Fallen onto sodden grasses,
You have earned a subtle grief.
Never let them take it from you,
Never let them come and say:
Night is made of black gauze; moonlight
Blows the filmy dark away.

You have a right to know the thickness
Of the night upon your face,
To feel the inky blue of nothing
Drift like ashes out of space.

You have a right to lift your fingers
And stare in pity at your hands
That are the exquisite frail mirrors
Of all the mind misunderstands.

Your hand, potent in portrayal,
Falls of its own weight to rest
In a quiet curve of sorrow
On the beating of your breast.

Hazel Hall.

Give us help from trouble: for vain is the help of man.

Psalm 60.11.

He jests at scars who never felt a wound.

William Shakespeare.

6] *Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground;*

7] *Yet man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward.*

8] *I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause:*

9] *Which doeth great things and unsearchable; marvellous things without number:*

10] *Who giveth rain upon the earth, and sendeth waters upon the fields:*

11] *To set up on high those that be low; that those which mourn may be exalted to safety.*

Job 5.

19] *But be not thou far from me, O Lord: O my strength, haste thee to help me.*

20] *Deliver my soul from the sword; my darling from the power of the dog.*

21] *Save me from the lion's mouth: for thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns.*

22] *I will declare thy name unto my brethren: in the midst of the congregation will I praise thee.*

23] *Ye that fear the Lord, praise him; all ye the seed of Jacob, glorify him; and fear him, all ye the seed of Israel.*

Psalm 22.

Every man has his own secret sorrows of which the world knows not, and oftentimes we call a man cold, when he is only sad.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

You think me cold because, the while you're singing
The songs she used to sing in days so long gone by,
No spirit tone of her dear voice can set my heart-strings ringing,
Nor summon tears to eyes so strangely dry.

Yet underneath my window, green and white, there still is growing
The bed of lilies which she planted long ago.
The songs are sweet—but with that fragrance there come flowing
The tears whose springs of grief lie deep—you cannot know.

ANONYMOUS.

8] *For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me.*

9] *And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Most gladly therefore will I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.*

10] *Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake: for when I am weak, then am I strong.*

2 CORINTHIANS 12.

He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.

Proverbs 28.13.

The burden that I bear would be no less
  Should I cry out against it; though I fill
The weary day with sound of my distress,
  It were my burden still.

The burden that I bear may be no more,
  For all I bear it silently and stay
Sometimes to laugh and listen at a door
  Where joy keeps holiday.

I ask no more save only this may be—
  On life's long road, where many comrades fare,
One shall not guess, though he keep step with me,
  The burden that I bear.

Anonymous.

How long wilt thou forget me, O Lord? for ever? how long wilt thou hide thy face from me?

2] *How long shall I take counsel in my soul, having sorrow in my heart daily? how long shall mine enemy be exalted over me?*

3] *Consider and hear me, O Lord my God: lighten mine eyes, lest I sleep the sleep of death:*

4] *Lest mine enemy say, I have prevailed against him; and those that trouble me rejoice when I am moved.*

5] *But I have trusted in thy mercy; my heart shall rejoice in thy salvation.*

Psalm 13.

You must be most miserable to be so cruel.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend.

Proverbs 22.11.

PEBBLES

Your little words
Are hard and cold.
You try to use them
In a sling
As David did
To slay the bold
Goliath.
But they only sting.

May Brinkley.

. . . *the evil way and the froward mouth do I hate.*

Proverbs 8.13.

2] *Be not rash with thy mouth, and let not thine heart be hasty to utter any thing before God: for God is in heaven, and thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few.*

3] *For a dream cometh through the multitude of business; and a fool's voice is known by multitude of words.*

Ecclesiastes 5.

17] *Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty:*

18] *For he maketh sore, and bindeth up: he woundeth, and his hands make whole.*

19] *He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee.*

20] *In famine he shall redeem thee from death: and in war from the power of the sword.*

21] *Thou shalt be hid from the scourge of the tongue: neither shalt thou be afraid of destruction when it cometh.*

22] *At destruction and famine thou shalt laugh: neither shalt thou be afraid of the beasts of the earth.*

JOB 5.

TO A. C. L.

Through suffering and sorrow thou hast passed
To show us what a woman true may be:
They have not taken sympathy from thee,
Nor made thee any other than thou wast,
Save as some tree, which, in a sudden blast,
Sheddeth those blossoms, that are weakly grown,
Upon the air, but keepeth every one
Whose strength gives warrant of good fruit at last:
So thou hast shed some blooms of gayety,
But never one of steadfast cheerfulness;
Nor hath thy knowledge of adversity
Robbed thee of any faith in happiness,
But rather cleared thine inner eyes to see
How many simple ways there are to bless.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I'm getting used to pain—
  (We do, you know, after awhile)—
And I've learned to bathe my wounds
  In the soft ointment of a smile.

ANONYMOUS.

Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts, cause thy face to shine; and we shall be saved.

PSALM 80.19.

ALONG THE ROAD

I walked a mile with Pleasure.
  She chattered all the way,
But left me none the wiser
  For all she had to say.

I walked a mile with Sorrow.
  And ne'er a word said she;
But, oh, the things I learned from her
  When Sorrow walked with me!

ROBERT BROWNING HAMILTON.

Like a bird singing in the rain, let grateful memories survive in time of sorrow.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of: but the sorrow of the world worketh death.

2 CORINTHIANS 7.10.

What is man, that thou shouldest magnify him? and that thou shouldest set thine heart upon him?

Job 7.17.

POETRY

Poetry is Grief;
Yea, deep Grief,—and the purest strain
Springs only from the heart that thrills
With a mighty pain.

But the greatest poems,
As the bitterest woes, are unspoken;
Like phantoms, they noiselessly glide
Through the heart that's broken.

Kerner.

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2] *Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.*

3] *When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.*

4] *For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.*

5] *I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.*

6] *For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.*

Psalm 32.

Let thy tender mercies come unto me, that I may live: for thy law is my delight.

PSALM 119.77.

Speak low to me, my Savior, low and sweet
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
Who art not missed by any that entreat.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2] *I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.*

3] *Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.*

4] *He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.*

PSALM 91.

16] *For verily he took not on him the nature of angels; but he took on him the seed of Abraham.*

17] *Wherefore in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren, that he might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people.*

18] *For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted.*

HEBREWS 2.

Turn thee unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and afflicted.

PSALM 25.16.

CLEANSING FIRE

Let thy gold be cast in the furnace,
  Thy red gold, precious and bright.
Do not fear the hungry fire,
  With its caverns of burning light;
And thy gold shall return more precious,
  Free from every spot and stain;
For gold must be tried by fire,
  As a heart must be tried by pain.

In the cruel fire of sorrow
  Cast thy heart, do not faint or wail;
Let thy hand be firm and steady,
  Do not let thy spirit quail;
But wait till the trial is over,
  And take thy heart again;
For as gold is tried by fire,
  So a heart must be tried by pain.

I shall know by the gleam and glitter
  Of the golden chain you wear,
By your heart's calm strength in loving,
  Of the fire they have had to bear.
Beat on, true heart, forever;
  Shine bright, strong golden chain;
And bless the cleansing fire
  And the furnace of loving pain.

ADELAIDE PROCTER.

9] *The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble.*

10] *And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee: for thou, Lord, hast not forsaken them that seek thee.*

PSALM 9.

Let us do all we can in the cause of humanity. Every man has a mission from God to help his fellow beings. Never have we approached nearer to our Heavenly Father than when we alleviate the sorrows of others. Never have we performed an act more God-like than when we bring sunshine to hearts that are dark and desolate.

JAMES, CARDINAL GIBBONS.

SHARER

I will laugh with any one,
Laugh awhile, then onward run.
I will cry with those who cry;
But I will not linger by.

Certes, mirth or grief I'll share,
But my own I could not bear:
Long ago both left my door—
I will let them in no more.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

Is it not the truest pity when a man has a sore point, not to touch it at all?

VICTOR HUGO.

If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what so is he whom the father chasteneth not?

HEBREWS 12.7.

THE GARRET OF YEARS

I've packed my troubles out of sight—all idle hopes and fears,
High in the shadowy stillness of the garret of the years.
The ghosts of griefs of other days—old time-worn sorrows gray,
And the heart's doors are open wide and joy has come to stay.

I pass from all the shadows of the long-enduring night;
I meet the morning on the hills—a brother to its light.
What gain have I for all the years where weeping memory dwells?
The New Year day shall greet me with the song of all the bells!

The dreams that come a-sighing, with not one cheering gleam,
Within the dusty silence they shall dream out their dream;
Life is too sweet for sorrow—too wondrous-bright for tears;
I leave them to the shadows of the garret of the years.

FRANK L. STANTON.

4] *Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.*

5] *The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.*

6] *The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.*

7] *The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.*

8] *The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.*

PSALM 121.

IT'S YOU—JUST YOU

When the world seems topsy-turvy,
And you're feeling pretty blue,
Did you ever stop to think perhaps
It's you—just you?
That the wonder wheels within you
Forms the product white or gray
But you've got to give the orders:
"Kindly turn out joy today."
It seems such a queerish notion,
That, when great world mills reveal
With loud boastfulness their output,
We should with such care conceal
All the joy we manufacture
Out of odds and ends of life:
"So much Happiness exported—
So much joy pressed out of strife!"
There's one thing the Patient Miller
Cannot turn to any gain—
It's the sorrow made for others
Out of our own share of pain:
Grind it down, and sift it o'er
In its heart a joy's in store;
But the rest—don't try to market—
Let it whiten Memory's floor.

ANONYMOUS.

Now the God of patience and consolation grant you to be like-minded one toward another according to Christ Jesus:

ROMANS 15.5.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.

2] *Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea;*

3] *Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof. Selah.*

4] *There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God, the holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.*

5] *God is in the midst of her: she shall not be moved: God shall help her, and that right early.*

6] *The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved: he uttered his voice, the earth melted.*

7] *The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.*

8] *Come, behold the works of the Lord, what desolations he hath made in the earth.*

9] *He maketh wars to cease unto the end of the earth; he breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder; he burneth the chariot in the fire.*

10] *Be still, and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth.*

11] *The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah.*

PSALM 46.

4] *He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him.*

5] *But whoso keepeth his word, in him verily is the love of God perfected: hereby know we that we are in him.*

6] *He that saith he abideth in him ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked.*

1 JOHN 2.

15] *But sanctify the Lord God in your hearts: and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear:*

16] *Having a good conscience; that, whereas they speak evil of you, as of evildoers, they may be ashamed that falsely accuse your good conversation in Christ.*

17] *For it is better, if the will of God be so, that ye suffer for well doing, than for evil doing.*

18] *For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, being put to death in the flesh, but quickened by the Spirit.*

1 PETER 3.

THE CRY OF THE DREAMER

I am tired of planning and toiling
  In the crowded hives of men:
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,
  And spoiling and building again.
And I long for the dear old river,
  Where I dreamed my youth away:
For a dreamer lives forever,
  And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming
  Of a life that is half a lie;
Of the faces lined with scheming
  In the throng that hurries by.
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor,
  I would go where the children play;
For a dreamer lives forever,
  And a thinker dies in a day.

I can feel no pride, but pity
  For the burdens the rich endure;
There is nothing sweet in the city
  But the patient lives of the poor.
Oh, the little hands too skilful,
  And the child-mind choked with weeds
The daughter's heart grown wilful,
  And the father's heart that bleeds!

No, no! from the street's rude bustle,
  From trophies of mart and stage,
I would fly to the woods' low rustle
  And the meadows' kindly page.
Let me dream as of old by the river,
  And be loved for the dream alway:
For a dreamer lives forever,
  And a toiler dies in a day.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.

1 CORINTHIANS 1.27.

8] *We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair;*

9] *Persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed;*

10] *Always bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus might be made manifest in our body.*

2 CORINTHIANS 4.

THE SUFFERER

I ask not how thy suffering came,
Or if by sin, or if by shame,
Or if by Fate's capricious ruling;
  To my large pity all's the same.

Come close and lean against a heart
Eaten by pain and stung by smart;
It is enough if thou hast suffered.
  Brother or sister then thou art.

We will not speak of what we know,
Rehearse the pang, nor count the throe,
Nor ask what agony admitted
  Thee to the Brotherhood of Woe.

But in our anguish-darkened land
Let us draw close, and clasp the hand;
Our whispered password holds assuagement—
  The solemn "Yea, I understand!"

ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.

2] *Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification.*

3] *For even Christ, pleased not himself; but, as it is written, The reproaches of them that reproached thee fell on me.*

ROMANS 15.

Nevertheless I am continually with thee: thou hast holden me by my right hand.

Psalm 73.23.

IS IT TRUE?

Is it true, O Christ in heaven,
That the highest suffer most?
That the strongest wander farthest
And more hopelessly are lost?
That the mark of rank in nature
Is capacity for pain?
And the anguish of the singer
Makes the sweetness of the strain?
Is it true, O Christ in heaven,
That the fullness yet to come
Is so glorious and so perfect
That to know would strike us dumb?
That if ever for a moment
We could pierce beyond the sky
With these poor, dim eyes of mortals,
We should just see God and die?

Helen Hunt Jackson.

7] *And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmasters; for I know their sorrows:*

8] *And I am come down to deliver them out of the hand of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land unto a good land and a large, unto a land flowing with milk and honey.*

Exodus 3.

The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in him, and I am helped: therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise him.

8] *The Lord is their strength and he is the saving strength of his anointed.*

PSALM 28.

19] *He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he also will hear their cry, and will save them.*

20] *The Lord preserveth all them that love him: but all the wicked will he destroy.*

PSALM 145.

Only God is able to step into the bedchamber at the stillest hour of the night and fathom the human heart and its longings, its hurts and hopes.

GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS.

3] *He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds.*

4] *He telleth the number of the stars; he calleth them all by their names.*

5] *Great is our Lord, and of great power: his understanding is infinite.*

PSALM 147.

And this is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask any thing according to his will, he heareth us:

I JOHN 5.14.

7] *For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee.*

8] *In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment; but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.*

ISAIAH 54.

And this too shall pass.

ANONYMOUS.

COMFORT

MISSING

When the anxious hearts say "Where?"
He doth answer "In my care."

"Is it life or is it death?"
"Wait," he whispered, "Child have faith."

"Did they need love's tenderness?"
"Is there love like mine to bless?"

"Were they frightened at the last?"
"No, the sting of death is past."

"Savior, tell me, where are they?"
"In my keeping night and day."

"Tell us, tell us, how it stands,"
"None shall pluck them from my hands."

Anonymous.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2] *He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.*

3] *He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.*

4] *Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*

5] *Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.*
6] *Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.*

PSALM 23.

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
The pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood.

That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void
Where God hath made the pile complete.

That not a worm is cloven in vain,
That not a mother with vain desire
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything.
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last, far off, at last for all,
And every winter change to spring.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

. . . I have heard thy prayer, I have seen thy tears: behold, I will heal thee.

2 Kings 20.5.

THE LONG DAY CLOSES

No star is o'er the lake,
  Its pale watch keeping;
The moon is half awake
  Through gray mist creeping,
The last red leaves fall round
  The porch of roses;
The clock hath ceased to sound,
  The long day closes.

Sit by the silent hearth
  In calm endeavor
To count the sounds of mirth
  Now dumb forever.
Heed not how hope believes
  And fate disposes;
Shadow is round the eaves,
  The long day closes.

The lighted windows dim
  Are fading slowly;
The fire that was so trim
  Now quivers lowly,
Go to the dreamless bed
  Where grief reposes;
Thy book of toil is read,
  The long day closes.

Henry F. Chorley.

11] *For thus saith the Lord God; Behold, I, even I, will both search my sheep, and seek them out.*

12] *As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered; so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day. . . .*

14] *I will feed them in a good pasture, and upon the high mountains of Israel shall their fold be: there shall they lie in a good fold, and in a fat pasture shall they feed upon the mountains of Israel.*

15] *I will feed my flock, and I will cause them to lie down, saith the Lord God.*

16] *I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away, and will bind up that which was broken, and will strengthen that which was sick but I will destroy the fat and the strong; I will feed them with judgment.*

EZEKIEL 34.

18] *And therefore will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you, and therefore will he be exalted, that he may have mercy upon you: for the Lord is a God of judgment: blessed are all they that wait for him.*

19] *For the people shall dwell in Zion at Jerusalem: thou shalt weep no more: he will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when he shall hear it, he will answer thee.*

20] *And though the Lord give you the bread of adversity, and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be removed into a corner any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers.*

21] *And thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it, when ye turn to the right hand, and when ye turn to the left.*

ISAIAH 30.

Of all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
  Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if there any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this:
  "He giveth His beloved, sleep!"

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

15] *Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.*

16] *For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world.*

17] *And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof: but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.*

1 JOHN 2.

TWILIGHT

Hide me, O twilight air!
Hide me from thought, from care,
From all things foul or fair,
  Until tomorrow!
Tonight I strive no more;
No more my soul shall soar;
Come, sleep, and shut the door
  'Gainst pain and sorrow!

B. W. PROCTOR.

REMEDY FOR TROUBLE

If you are down with the blues read the twenty-third Psalm.

If there is a chilly sensation about the heart read the third chapter of Revelation.

If you don't know where to look for a month's rent read the twenty-seventh Psalm.

If you are lonesome and unprotected read the ninety-first Psalm.

If the stovepipe has fallen down and the cook has gone off in a pet, put up the pipe and wash your hands and read the first chapter of James.

If you find yourself losing confidence in men read the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians.

If people pelt you with hard words read the fifteenth chapter of John and the fifty-first Psalm.

If you are getting discouraged about your work read the twenty-sixth Psalm and Galatians 6, 7 and 9.

If you are out of sorts read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews.

If you are troubled about what you ought to say to some one who is seeking salvation, read the fifty-first Psalm.

ANONYMOUS.

23] . . . *The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.*

ROMANS 6.

For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'Tis heaven alone that is given away,
'Tis only God may be had for the asking.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

20] *Therefore thus saith the Lord God unto them; Behold, I, even I, will judge between the fat cattle and between the lean cattle.*

21] *Because ye have thrust with side and with shoulder, and pushed all the diseased with your horns, till ye have scattered them abroad;*

22] *Therefore will I save my flock, and they shall no more be a prey; and I will judge between cattle and cattle.*

23] *And I will set up one shepherd over them, and he shall feed them, even my servant David; he shall feed them, and he shall be their shepherd.*

24] *And I the Lord will be their God, and my servant David a prince among them; I the Lord have spoken it.*

25] *And I will make with them a covenant of peace, and will cause the evil beasts to cease out of the land: and they shall dwell safely in the wilderness, and sleep in the woods.*

26] *And I will make them and the places round about my hill a blessing; and I will cause the shower to come down in his season; there shall be showers of blessing.*

27] *And the tree of the field shall yield her fruit, and the earth shall yield her increase, and they shall be safe in their land, and shall know that I am the Lord, when I have broken the bands of their yoke, and delivered them out of the hand of those that served themselves of them.*

28] *And they shall no more be a prey to the heathen, neither shall the beast of the land devour them; but they shall dwell safely, and none shall make them afraid.*

29] *And I will raise up for them a plant of renown, and they shall be no more consumed with hunger in the land, neither bear the shame of the heathen any more.*

30] *Thus shall they know that I the Lord their God am with them, and that they, even the house of Israel, are my people, saith the Lord God.*

EZEKIEL 34.

A LITTLE BIRD I AM

A little bird I am,
  Shut in from fields of air,
And in my cage I sit and sing,
  To him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleases thee!

Naught have I else to do,
  I sing the whole day long;
And he whom I most love to please
  Doth listen to my song;
He caught and bound my wandering wing,
And still he bends to hear me sing.

. . . . . .

My cage confines me round,
  Abroad I cannot fly;
But though my wing is closely bound,
  My heart's at liberty;
My prison walls cannot control
The flight, the freedom of the soul.

Madam Guyon (written in the Bastille)
translated by T. C. Upham.

3] *Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort;*

4] *Who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.*

2 Corinthians i.

Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.

2] *Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.*

3] *The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God.*

4] *Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low: and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain:*

5] *And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.*

6] *The voice said, Cry. And he said, What shall I cry? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field:*

7] *The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people is grass.*

8] *The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever.*

ISAIAH 40.

PATIENCE

8] *But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day.*

9] *The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, as some men count slackness; but is longsuffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.*

10] *But the day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night; in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up.*

11] *Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of persons ought ye to be in all holy conversation and godliness,*

12] *Looking for and hasting unto the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat?*

13] *Nevertheless we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.*

14] *Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot and blameless.*

2 PETER 3.

WAITING

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst Time or Fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it hath sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder heights;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delights.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

John Burroughs.

19] *For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully.*

20] *For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God.*

21] *For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps:*

22] *Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth:*

23] *Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously:*

24] *Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed.*

25] *For ye were as sheep going astray; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.*

1 PETER 2.

In God's green pasture I abide this longed-for hour.

ANONYMOUS.

18] *If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.*

19] *Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath: for it is written, Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.*

20] *Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink: for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.*

21] *Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.*

ROMANS 12.

THE LIFE DIVINE

When 'mid thy common days God sends thee one,
A day whose radiance of earth and sun
Is mated to thy soul's responsive mood,
  And thou with open eyes seest all things good;
When the Lord speaks to thee in flower and bird,
And opens up to thee His bidden word
And grants the long-held answer to thy prayer—
A day when suddenly thou art aware
Of truth's own message to thy heart revealed
And leaping to thy lips by love unsealed;
Oh, then give thanks and praise, for come what may,
The Holy Ghost hath shared thy life, one day.

But if the morrow bringeth thee again
Into the world of sinful, needy men.
Eager to tell thy message and to give
A gospel whereby dying souls may live;
And lo! the carping world will not believe
The heavenly sign, nor yet thy words receive;
When thy new speech thy brother doth offend
And thou art but a dreamer to thy friend—
Then as thou seekest comfort from thine own
And findest thou art left with God alone,
Rejoice with joy that none shall take away,
For thou hast shared the life of Christ, one day.

Ellen H. Butler.

Whate'er we leave to God, God does, and blesses us;
The work we choose should be our own, God leaves alone.

Henry David Thoreau.

Time, that aged nurse,
Rocked me to patience.

JOHN KEATS.

WHEN THE BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN

Oh, every year hath its winter,
  And every year hath its rain—
But the day is always coming
  When the birds go north again.
When new leaves swell in the forest,
  And grass springs green on the plain,
And the alders' veins turn crimson—
  And the birds go north again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow
  And every heart hath its pain—
But a day is always coming
  When the birds go north again.
'Tis the sweetest thing to remember,
  If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over—
  Why, the birds go north again.

ELLA HIGGINSON.

But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

JAMES I.4.

And the servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient.

2 TIMOTHY 2.24.

"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT"

The fields are whit'ning 'neath the ripening grain;
  I long to toil among the reapers there.
What full ripe sheaves I'll gather ere the rain,
  To prove my gratitude for God's dear care!

Thus saying, resolute and proud I stood
  Amid the ever-hurrying, busy throng,
Waiting to see, in somewhat anxious mood,
  The Lord and Master as He came along.

He came, and, pressing through the eager throng,
  I stood beside Him near the open gate.
"Master, what shall I do? My soul is strong."
  He turned and softly said: "Here stand and wait."

The hot blood to my brow and temples flew;
  I struggled fiercely with my hapless fate.
"Ah, Master! have you naught for me to do?"
  "Yes," He replied at once: "Here stand and wait."

He passed along, and through the weary hours
  I stood with restless hands and aching heart;
I would not even pluck the fragrant flowers
  Beneath my feet, as thus I stood apart.

Again He passed, and in my grief I said:
"I'd rather die than only stand and wait";
One look of sad rebuke, no word He said,
But left me weeping by the open gate.

The weary, weary hours, they come and pass;
I watch the reapers cut the ripening grain;
I see the heavy sheaves, and sigh, alas!
That I can only wrestle with my pain.

The night draws near; I see Him once again:
"Ah, Master! see, 'tis growing dark and late;
I have no sheaves!" His sweet voice soothes my pain:
"They serve Me best who patient stand and wait."

So, patiently I strive to stand and wait
Through all the glories of the coming years—
Wait till His hand shall lead me through the gate,
And change to smiles my tears.

ANONYMOUS.

Let us run with patience the race that is set before us,

HEBREWS 12.1.

It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

JEREMIAH 3.26.

7] *Be patient therefore, brethren, unto the coming of the Lord. Behold, the husbandman waiteth for the precious fruit of the earth, and hath long patience for it, until he receive the early and latter rain.*

8] *Be ye also patient; stablish your hearts: for the coming of the Lord draweth nigh.*

9] *Grudge not one against another, brethren, lest ye be condemned: behold, the judge standeth before the door.*

10] *Take, my brethren, the prophets, who have spoken in the name of the Lord, for an example of suffering affliction, and of patience.*

11] *Behold, we count them happy which endure. Ye have heard of the patience of Job, and have seen the end of the Lord; that the Lord is very pitiful, and of tender mercy.*

JAMES 5.

FEAR

But now thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob, and he that formed thee, O Israel, Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine.

2] *When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.*

3] *For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour: I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Sheba for thee.*

ISAIAH 43.

LOOK OUT THIS MORNING

Look out this morning, your world that's all shining,
And try to forget there's a war.
The lilac's in blossom, the creeper is twining,
The rose will soon bloom at the door.
Oh, it does us some good, if only a little,
To think that while all is so bad,
There is something still left in the beauty of nature
To thank the Lord for and be glad!

Look out this morning, your world not a carnage
  Of battle and ruin and blight;
And think of the sunshine, with May in her glory
  Down every green garden of light.
Ah, it makes us feel stronger to gird up our loins,
  And strap on the sword, if we must,
That above us the blue sky of springtime is bending,
  And there's something still left we can trust!

Look out this morning, and don't be discouraged;
  The parks of the cities are sweet;
The lanes of the country are singing of summer,
  And a hand-organ plays down the street.
Why, it's good to be living if only for moments
  Of beauty and peace for awhile,
And the thought that beyond all the battle and rattle
  There's a heaven that bends with its smile!

Look out this morning, your duty is waiting,
  The call of your country is heard;
But high o'er the strife and the endless debating
  Rings sweetly the song of a bird.
Oh, it may not all matter what comes in the end—
  Whether wounds, or red death, or despair—
Something cries through the world that the Lord is our friend,
  And He won't leave us out of His care!

FOLGER MCKINSEY.

9] . . . *the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.*

10] *More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.*

PSALM 19.

And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.

MARK 1.35.

24] *Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.*

25] *For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it.*

26] *For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*

27] *For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works.*

28] *Verily I say unto you, There be some standing here, which shall not taste death, till they see the Son of man coming in his kingdom.*

MATTHEW 16.

From THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaunted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.

2] *For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee, and his glory shall be seen upon thee.*

ISAIAH 60.

LIFE: A MEDITATION

Life is not one unending vale of tears,
One long Gethsemane, one way of pain;
It hath its raptures and its inspirations,
Its mounts of wide-eyed vision and discernment,
Its solemn moments when the still small Voice
Speaks to the hushed soul in secret words of power;
Its tongues of fire, descending from above,
Fraught with the power divine to speak and do.

From Calvary to Olivet we climb,
And ever rising, reach those Pisgah heights,
Where we can look abroad and view God's plan,
Which, visioned thus from lofty planes, reveals
Its ever widening significance,
Embracing all the worlds in one grand sweep.
Life hath this purpose; every soul shall grow,
And in perfection God's own likeness show.

ALFRED E. PIERCY.

Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

PSALM 150.2.

What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee.

PSALM 56.3.

LIFE'S MIRROR

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES.

15] *He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly; he that despiseth the gain of oppressions, that shaketh his hands from holding of bribes, that stoppeth his ears from hearing of blood, and shutteth his eyes from seeing evil;*

16] *He shall dwell on high: his place of defence shall be the munitions of rocks; bread shall be given him; his waters shall be sure.*

ISAIAH 33.

I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.

JOHN 10.14.

PO' LIL' BRACK SHEEP

Po' lil' brack sheep what strayed erway
  Done los' in de win' an' de rain;
An' de Shepherd, He say: "O hirelin',
  Go fin' my sheep ergain."
An' de hirelin' frown: "O Shepherd,
  Dat sheep it brack an' bad."
But de Shepherd, He smile laik dat lil' brack sheep
  It de onlies' lam' he had.

An' He say: "O hirelin', hasten!
  For de win' an' de rain am col',
An' dat lil' brack sheep be lonesome
  Out dere, so far fum de fol'."
An' de hirelin' frown: "O Shepherd,
  Dat sheep it weak an' po'."
But de Shepherd, He smile laik dat lil' brack sheep
  He lub it des' all de mo'.

An' He say: "O hirelin', hasten!
  For de frost am bitin' keen,
An' dat lil' brack sheep des shiv'rin',
  De storm an' de blas' between."
An' de hirelin' frown: "O Shepherd,
  Dat sheep it ol' an' gray."
But de Shepherd, He smile laik dat lil' brack sheep
  Wuz fair ez de break ob day.

An' He say: "O hirelin', hasten!
For de hail am beatin' hard,
An' dat lil' brack sheep git bruises
'Way off fum de sheepfol' yard."
An' de hirelin' frown: "O Shepherd,
Dat sheep it mos' wore out."
But de Shepherd, He smile laik dat lil' brack sheep
Des' couldn't be done widout.

. . . . . .

An' He say: "O hirelin', hasten!
Lo, here dey ninety an' nine,
But dere, way off fum de sheepfol',
Dat lil' brack sheep ob mine."
An' de hirelin' frown: "O Shepherd,
De rest ob de sheep am here."
But de Shepherd, He smile laik dat lil' brack sheep
He hol' it de mos'es' dear.

An' He wander out dere in de darkness,
W'ere de night wuz col' an' bleak,
An' dat lil' brack sheep, He fin' it,
An' lay it ergains' His cheek.
An' de hirelin' frown: "O Shepherd,
Dat sheep come back ter me!"
But de Shepherd, He smile laik the Lord he wuz,
An' dat lil' brack sheep am me!

ETHEL M. C. BRAZLETON.

The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep.

JOHN 10.13.

Out of the sea of time rises a new land of song fairer than the old.

Esaias Tegner.

34] *And when he had called the people unto him with his disciples also, he said unto them, Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross, and follow me.*

35] *For whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it.*

36] *For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?*

37] *Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*

Mark 8.

BETTER THINGS

I wonder if ever a song was sung
  But the singer's heart sang sweeter;
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung
  But the thought surpassed the meter;
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought;
Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,
The dream of his inmost heart portrayed.

Anonymous.

The fear of man bringeth a snare: but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.

Proverbs 29.25.

8] *Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily: and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward.*

9] *Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am, If thou take away from the midst of thee the yoke, the putting forth of the finger, and speaking vanity;*

10] *And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul; then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon day:*

11] *And the Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought, and make fat thy bones: and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not.*

Isaiah 58.

BUTTERFLIES

I see today
How the human soul seeks the human soul
And finds the one it seeks at last.
For you know you can open a window
That looks upon embowered darkness,
When the flowers sleep and the trees are still
At Midnight, and no light burns in the room;
And you can hide your butterfly
Somewhere in the room, but soon you will see
A host of butterfly mates
Fluttering through the windows to join
Your butterfly hid in the room.
It is somehow thus with souls.

Anonymous.

19] *The sun shall be no more thy light by day; neither for brightness shall the moon give light unto thee: but the Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory.*

20] *Thy sun shall no more go down neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended.*

21] *Thy people also shall be all righteous: they shall inherit the land for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified.*

22] *A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation: I the Lord will hasten it in his time.*

ISAIAH 60.

HOPE

In the way of righteousness is life; and in the pathway thereof there is no death.

Proverbs 12.28.

The night is mother of the Day,
  The Winter of the Spring;
And ever upon old Decay
  The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
  Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all His works,
  Has left His hope with all.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

25] *For David speaketh concerning him, I foresaw the Lord always before my face, for he is on my right hand, that I should not be moved:*

26] *Therefore did my heart rejoice, and my tongue was glad; moreover also my flesh shall rest in hope:*

27] *Because thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.*

28] *Thou hast made known to me the ways of life; thou shalt make me full of joy with thy countenance.*

Acts 2.

Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

Psalm 43.5.

They have a saying in the Orient,
  Age-old, the little bitter legacy
Perchance, of some sad spirit's discontent
    That long since ceased to be.

"The more we hope the more we suffer"—so
It counsels wistful age and eager youth,
And to the last, the hearts that harken know
    Its word is truth.

Aye, very truth! The more the buried grain
Longs in its darkness for the light of God,
The more it labors up in patient pain
    To cleave the prison sod.

The more the chill year yearns to bring to birth
Blossom and warmth and tender, greening thing,
The more it travails sore with storms, till earth
    Be fit for spring.

And every prayer on some wild Galilee
Toils at its oars an hour before the day,
And every dream hath some Gethsemane,
    Some stone to roll away.

For Faith must kneel and plead till it be whole,
And Love must bide its resurrection sky:
That which thou sowest is not quickened, soul,
Except it die!

Strive and desire and watch and trust and pray,
Grasp every sweet assurance grace will give.
"The more we hope the more we suffer"—yea,
But so the more we live!

ANONYMOUS.

11] *Then he said unto me, Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel: behold, they say, Our bones are dried, and our hope is lost: we are cut off for our parts.*

12] *Therefore prophesy and say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel.*

13] *And ye shall know that I am the Lord, when I have opened your graves, O my people, and brought you up out of your graves.*

14] *And shall put my spirit in you and ye shall live, and I shall place you in your own land: then shall ye know that I the Lord have spoken it, and performed it, saith the Lord.*

EZEKIEL 37.

Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord: he is their help and their shield.

PSALM 115.7.

17] *He hath set fire and water before thee.*

SIRACH 15.

"O VANWARD VOICE!"

After sleep, the waking;
After night, dawn breaking;
After silence long,
A burst of song.
We knew thou wert not gone,
To leave us without champion—
Our first free voice 'mid servile tongues
And secret sneers and bigot wrongs;
With good Thor-hammer beating down
The tyrant lie with tinsel crown;
With message, now unsealed again,
Of love to God in love to men.

Welcome the sweet breath of Spring!
Morning air to tempt the wing;
Distance, cool and clear and still,
For the eye to pierce at will.
Welcome, O vanward Voice!
Sound on! Be strong! Rejoice!
And so in thy fresh history,
Foretell the world-old mystery,
Hinting what is to be
For us, as now for thee,
After sleep, the waking;
After night, dawn breaking;
After silence long,
A burst of song.

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

24] *For we are saved by hope: but hope that is seen is not hope: for what a man seeth, why doth he yet hope for?*

25] *But if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it.*

26] *Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered.*

27] *And he that searcheth the hearts knoweth what is the mind of the Spirit, because he maketh intercession for the saints according to the will of God.*

28] *And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.*

29] *For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the firstborn among many brethren.*

30] *Moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called: and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also glorified.*

31] *What shall we then say to these things? If God be for us, who can be against us?*

32] *He that spareth not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?*

33] *Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is God that justifieth.*

34] *Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us.*

ROMANS 8.

Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.

Romans 15.13.

THREE LESSONS

There are three lessons I would write,
  Three words as with a golden pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
  Upon the hearts of men.

Have hope. Though clouds environ round,
  And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow—
  No night but has its morn.

Have faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
  The calm's desport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the host of heaven,
  The inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
  But man as man thy brother call.
And scatter, like the circling sun,
  Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these words upon thy soul—
  Hope, faith and love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges maddest roll,
  Light, when thou else were blind.

Schiller.

I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins.

Isaiah 43.25.

SOME HEART RESPONDS

O weary hearts! O slumbering eyes!
O drooping souls whose destinies
  Are fraught with fear and pain,
  Ye shall be loved again!

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
  But some heart, though unknown,
  Responds unto his own.

Responds—as if with unseen wings,
An angel touched its quivering strings;
  And whispered, in its song,
  "Where hast thou stayed so long?"

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

114] *Thou art my hiding place and my shield: I hope in thy word.*

115] *Depart from me, ye evildoers: for I will keep the commandments of my God.*

116] *Uphold me according unto thy word, that I may live: and let me not be ashamed of my hope.*

117] *Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.*

Psalm 119.

24] *Then came the Jews round about him, and said unto him, How long dost thou make us to doubt? If thou be the Christ, tell us plainly.*

25] *Jesus answered them, I told you, and ye believed not: the works that I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me.*

26] *But ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep, as I said unto you.*

27] *My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me:*

28] *And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.*

29] *My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand.*

JOHN 10.

DEATH

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

Revelation 21.4.

LET ME DIE WORKING

Let me die working,
Still tackling plans unfinished, tasks undone,
Clean to its end swift may my race be run.
No lagging steps, no faltering, no shirking,
Let me die working.

Let me die thinking,
Let me fare forth still with an open mind,
Fresh secrets to unfold, new truths to find,
My soul undimmed, alert, no questions blinking,
Let me die thinking.

Let me die laughing,
No sighing o'er past sins; they are forgiven.
Spilled on this earth are all the joys of heaven.
The wine of life, the cup of mirth still quaffing,
Let me die laughing.

S. Hall Young.

THE STIRRUP CUP

My short and happy day is done;
The long and dreary night comes on;
And at my door the pale horse stands
To carry me to unknown lands.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,
Sound dreadful as a gathering storm;
And I must leave this sheltering roof,
And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm the joys of life—
Good friends, the faithful and the true:
My rosy children and my wife,
So sweet to kiss, so fair to view—

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view.
The night comes down, the lights burn blue;
And at my door the pale horse stands
To bear me forth to unknown lands.

JOHN HAY.

15] *Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.*

16] *They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.*

17] *For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.*

REVELATION 7.

THE JOURNEY

It's a wild night for a soul to go.
Stars shine, but winds blow
And the flood tides flow.

It's a long road to the nearest star,
Where the band of well beloved are,
But I shall reach it, near or far.

A wild night for a naked soul
To cast aside the broken bowl
And start for the distant goal.

A wild night and a lonely way,
And death is terrible, they say,
Yet methinks I like his looks today.

And glad I'll lay my garment by
And fling me forth to the windy sky
When Death rides by.

A long road to the nearest star,
Where the band of well beloved are,
But I shall reach it, near or far.

L. Le Mesurier.

Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery, and life unto the bitter in soul.

Job 3.20.

IT IS NOT DEATH TO DIE

It is not death to die,
To leave this weary road,
And midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to hear
The wrench that sets us free
From dungeon chains to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
To rise on strong, exulting wing
To live among the just.

Jesus, thou Prince of Life,
Thy chosen cannot die,
Like Thee, they conquer strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

George Washington Bethume.

And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Revelation 7.

AWAY

I can not say, and I will not say
That he is dead.—He is just away!

With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be, since he lingers there.

And you—O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return—

Think of him faring on, as dead
In the love of There as the love of Here;

And loyal still, as he gave the blows
Of his warrior-strength to his country's foes.—

Mild and gentle, as he was brave,—
When the sweetest love of his life he gave

To simple things:—Where the violets grew
Pure as the eyes they were likened to,

The touches of his hands have strayed
As reverently as his lips have prayed:

. . . . . .

Think of him still as the same, I say:
He is not dead—he is just away!

James Whitcomb Riley.

UPSTAIRS

Passed on, beyond our mortal vision,
  But now the thought is robbed of gloom,
Within the Father's many mansions
  Still dwelling in another room.

The one whose going left us lonely
  Is scaling heights undreamed of yore,
And guided on by Love's unfolding,
  Has gone upstairs and shut the door.

ANONYMOUS.

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.

REVELATION 3.20.

HEAVEN

The following poem was found in the pocket of Captain T. P. C. Wilson, killed in action in France.

Suddenly one day
The last ill shall fall away.
The last little beastliness that is in our blood
Shall drop from us as the sheath drops from the bud
And the great spirit of man shall struggle through
And spread huge branches underneath the blue,
In any mirror, be it bright or dim,
Man will see God, staring back at him.

11] *But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping: and as she wept, she stooped down, and looked into the sepulchre,*

12] *And seeth two angels in white sitting, the one at the head, and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain.*

13] *And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away My Lord, and I know not where they have laid him.*

14] *And when she had thus said, she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus.*

15] *Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.*

16] *Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself, and saith unto him, Rabboni; which is to say, Master.*

17] *Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God.*

18] *Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples that she had seen the Lord, and that he had spoken these things unto her.*

19] *Then the same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.*

20] *And when he had so said, he shewed unto them his hands and his side. Then were the disciples glad, when they saw the Lord.*

21] *Then said Jesus to them again, Peace be unto you: as my Father hath sent me, even so send I you.*

JOHN 20.

THE OPEN DOOR

You, my son,
Have shown me God.
Your kiss upon my cheek
Has made me feel the gentle touch
Of Him who leads us on.
The memory of your smile, when young,
Reveals His face,
As mellowing years come on apace.
And when you went before,
You left the gates of heaven ajar
That I might glimpse,
Approaching from afar,
The glories of His grace.
Hold, son, my hand,
Guide me along the path,
That, coming
I may stumble not,
Nor roam,
Nor fail to show the way
Which leads us home.

GRACE COOLIDGE.

7] *Nevertheless I tell you the truth; It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you. . . .*

15] *All things that the Father hath are mine: therefore said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall shew it unto you.*

16] *A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father.*

JOHN 16.

A glorious high throne from the beginning is the place of our sanctuary.

JEREMIAH 17.12.

And bring no wreaths to deck my grave,
For I shall never care,
Though all the flowers I love the most
Should grow and wither there.
I'll sell my chance of all the flowers
You'll lavish when I'm dead,
For one small bunch of violets now—
So give me that instead.

What saints we are when we are dead,
But what's the use for me
Of praise that's written on a tomb
For other eyes to see?
One simple little word of praise
By lips we worship said,
Is worth a hundred epitaphs—
Dear, say it now instead.

And faults that now are hard to bear
Oblivion then shall win,
Our sins are soon forgiven us
When we no more can sin.
But any bitter thought of me—
Keep it till I am dead;
I shall not know; I shall not care;
Say it then, instead.

ANONYMOUS.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life.

John 5.24.

From SNOWBOUND

And yet, dear heart, remembering thee,
  Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
  What change can reach the wealth I hold!
  What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while, in life's late afternoon,
  Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
  Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And, when the sunset gates unbar,
  Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And white against the evening star
  The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

John Greenleaf Whittier.

23] *But the hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth: for the Father seeketh such to worship him.*

24] *God is a Spirit: and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.*

John 4.

For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.

PHILIPPIANS 1.21.

From IN MEMORIAM

As sometimes in a dead man's face,
To those that watch it more and more,
A likeness, hardly seen before,
Comes out—to some one of his race:

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
I see thee what thou art, and know
Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more than I can see,
And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

. . . *Grace be unto you, and peace, from him which is, and which was, and which is to come; and from the seven Spirits which are before his throne;*

5] *And from Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, and the first begotten of the dead, and the prince of the kings of the earth. Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood.*

6] *And hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.*

REVELATION I.

I know the night is near at hand:
The mists lie low on hill and bay,
The Autumn sheaves are dewless, dry;
But I have had the day.

Yes, I have had, dear Lord, the day;
When at thy call I have the night,
Brief the twilight as I pass
From light to dark, from dark to light.

Silas Weir Mitchell.

God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us; Selah.

2] *That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.*

3] *Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.*

4] *O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Selah.*

5] *Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.*

6] *Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.*

7] *God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.*

Psalm 67.

Softly now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away:
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with Thee.

George W. Doane.

THE OTHER WORLD

It lies around us like a cloud,—
The world we do not see;
Yet sweet the closing of an eye
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheeks
Amid our worldly cares;
Its gentle voices whisper love,
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat
Sweet helping hands are stirred,
And palpitates the veil between
With breathing almost heard.

. . . . . .

So thin, so soft, so sweet they guide,
So near to press they seem,
They lull us gently to our rest,
And melt into our dream.

And in the hush of rest they bring,
'Tis easy now to see
How lovely and how sweet a pass
The hour of death may be!

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was.

John 17.5.

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content.
There falls on the old, gray city
An influence luminous and serene,
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy and golden haze. The spires
Shine and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—
Night with her train of stars
And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!
My task accomplish'd and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

William Ernest Henley.

5] *I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope.*

6] *My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning.*

Psalm 130.

HABEUS CORPUS

My Body, eh? Friend Death, how now?
Why all this tedious pomp of writ?
Thou hast reclaimed it sure and slow
For half a century, bit by bit.

In faith thou knowest more today,
Than I do, where it can be found!
This shriveled lump of suffering clay,
To which I now am chained and bound,

Has not of kith or kin a trace
To the good body once I bore;
Look at this shrunken, ghastly face.
Didst ever see that face before?

. . . . . .

Do quickly all thou hast to do,
Nor I nor mine will hindrance make;
I shall be free when thou art through;
I grudge thee naught that thou must take.

Ah well, friend Death, good friend thou art:
I shall be free when thou art through;
Take all there is—take hand and heart:
There must be somewhere work to do.

Helen Fiske Jackson.

. . . *Give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.*

Isaiah 61.3.

THE TWO SHIPS

As I stand by the cross on the lone mountain's crest,
  Looking over the ultimate sea,
In the gloom of the mountain a ship lies at rest,
  And one sails away from the lea;

One spreads its white wings on a far-reaching track,
  With pennant and sheet flowing free;
One hides in the shadow, with sails laid aback—
  The ship that is waiting for me.

But lo! in the distance the clouds break away,
  The Gate's glowing portals I see;
And I hear from the outgoing ship in the bay
  The song of the sailors in glee.

So I think of the luminous footprints that bore
  The comforts o'er dark Galilee,
And wait for the signal to go to the shore,
  To the ship that is waiting for me.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

3] *Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture.*

4] *Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.*

5] *For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.*

PSALM 100.

Tho I lay no roses there,
It is the grave alone that I forget!

Mary Sinton Leitch.

Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.

John 14.23.

IN FLANDERS' FIELDS

In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place, and in the sky
The larks still singing bravely fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sun-set glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!
To you, from failing hands we throw
The torch—be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, tho' poppies grow
In Flanders' fields.

Colonel John McCrae.

I heard a blue-bird singing.
A moment I forgot
The truth of pain
And greed and gain—
A moment I forgot!

I saw a wild rose clinging—
A moment it was gone;
The press of life
And war and strife—
A moment it was gone!

I heard the church bells ringing—
My heart remembered then—
The toll of bell
For those who fell—
Ah—I remembered then!

Anonymous.

19] *And what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power,*

20] *Which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead, and set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places,*

21] *Far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come:*

22] *And hath put all things under his feet, and gave him to be the head over all things to the church,*

23] *Which is his body, the fulness of him that filleth all in all.*

Ephesians i.

CROSSING THE BAR

Sunset and evening star,
  And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning at the bar
  When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
  Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
  Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
  And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
  When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and place
  The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
  When I have crost the bar.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

O keep my soul, and deliver me . . . I put my trust in thee.

PSALM 25.20.

It is but crossing with a bated breath,
A white, set face, a little strip of sea—
To find the loved one waiting on the shore,
More beautiful, more precious than before.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

GOOD NIGHT, SLEEP WELL!

"Good night, sleep well!" we say to those we love
And watch dear faces glimmer on the stair,
And hear faint footfalls in the rooms above
Sound on the quiet air,
Yet feel no fear, though lonely they must go
The road of slumber's strange oblivion
Dark always wears to dawn,
Sleep is so gentle, and so well we know,
Wherever they have gone,
They will be safe until the morning light,
Good night, good night!

Good night, sleep well, beloveds, when the last
Slow dusk has fallen, and your steps no more
Make music on the empty upper floor,
And the day is fully past.
We who so lightly let you go alone,
Evening by evening, from our trustful sight
Into the mystery of sleep's unknown—
We need not fear tonight,
Death is so gentle—dark will break to dawn . . .
Love will be safe until the morning light.
Sleep well, good night!

Nancy Byrd Turner.

Thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.

Psalm 145.16.

He is not dead, this friend; not dead,
But, in the path we mortals tread,
Got some few, trifling steps ahead,
  And nearer to the end;
So that you, too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face
  This friend you fancy dead.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

THE REMINDING FLOWERS

The flowers always make me think of you.
  You loved them dearly and your features took
  From them their kindly cheeriness of look.
When you among them went your thoughtful view
Suffused with an ethereal splendor grew.
  It seemed to deepen like a limpid brook
  That purling flowed through some enchanted nook,
And shone with beauty more than else it knew.

How they must miss you! for there seems an air
  Of melancholy 'round about them thrown,
  And they no longer the same spirit own
As when you tended them with loving care.
  They seem to hardly now find life worth while,
  Even as I do, and but sadly smile.

Peter Fandel.

Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is.

1 John 3.2.

11] *Weep more sweetly for the dead, because he hath found rest.*
Sirach 22.

THE VOLUNTEER

You shall return to me—the golden Sun
Is not more true to Dawn than you to me,
Love crowns you with new Immortality;
And when your clean, just battling is done,
The lights of Home shall beckon you and burn—
You shall return!

We gain by loss. I never knew before
This fierce possession of the Flag; this pride—
Not this fine absence wrests you from my side,
From close communion at Love's altared core,
Where Prayer is Peace. What if the sense yearn—?
You shall return!

And not a chance-met soldier on the way
But yields me secret comradeship—I know
So well the hearts of them who bade him go,
And he is mine—as you are theirs, today.
All Tenders of that Flame the Vandals spurn—
You shall return!

There is no Death to keep us long apart,
No steel to build a barrier between,
Here, in this world, or in some World unseen,
I shall one day be gathered to your heart
Thus—go! And out of heartbreak I will learn.
You shall return!

Faith Baldwin.

Let not your heart be troubled:

JOHN 14.1.

UNDER THE VIOLETS

Under the violets, blue and sweet
  Where low the willow droops and weeps,
Where children tread with timid feet,
  Where twilight o'er the forest creeps,
  She sleeps, my little darling sleeps.

. . . . . .

It may be that to other eyes
  As in the happy days of old,
The sun doth every morning rise
  O'er mountain summits tipped with gold,
  And set where sapphire seas are rolled:

But I am hedged around with woe.
  This glory I no more can see.
O weary heart that throbbest so,
  Thou hast but this one wish,—to be
  A little dust beneath a tree.

I would thou hadst thy wish today,
  And we were lying side by side
With her who took our life away
  That heavy day whereon she died.
  O grave! I would thy gates were wide.

EDWARD YOUNG.

What shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound?

2] *God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?*

3] *Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death?*

4] *Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.*

5] *For if we have been planted together in the likeness of his death, we shall be also in the likeness of his resurrection:*

6] *Knowing this, that our old man is crucified with him, that the body of sin might be destroyed, that henceforth we should not serve sin.*

7] *For he that is dead is freed from sin.*

8] *Now if we be dead with Christ, we believe that we shall also live with him:*

9] *Knowing that Christ being raised from the dead dieth no more; death hath no more dominion over him.*

10] *For in that he died, he died unto sin once: but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God.*

11] *Likewise reckon ye also yourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord.*

ROMANS 6.

18] *I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.*

19] *Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me: because I live, ye shall live also.*

20] *At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you.*

JOHN 14.

FROM DEATH TO LIFE

Have you heard the tale of the aloe plant,
Away in the sunny clime?
By humble growth of a hundred years
It reaches its blooming time;
And then a wondrous bud at its crown
Breaks out in a thousand flowers:—
This floral queen, in its beauty seen,
Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
But, the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you further heard of this aloe plant
That grows in the sunny clime?
How every one of its thousand flowers,
As they drop in the blooming time,
Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
In the place where it falls on the ground:
And fast as they drop from the dying stem
Grow lively and lovely around?
By dying it liveth a thousand fold
In the young that spring from the death of the old.

Have you heard the tale of the pelican,
The Arab's Gimel el Bahr,
That dwells in the African solitudes
Where the birds that live lonely are?
Have you heard how it loves its tender young
And cares and toils for their good;
It brings them waters from fountain afar,
And fishes the seas for their food?
In famine it feeds them—what love can devise!
With blood of its bosom, and feeding them, dies.

Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
The snow white bird of the lake?
It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
It silently sits in the brake;
For it saves its song till the end of life,
And then in the soft still even,
'Mid the golden light of the setting sun
It sings as it soars into heaven;
All the blessed notes fall from the skies!
'Tis the only song, for in singing it dies.

Have you heard these tales? Shall I tell you one
A greater and better than all?
Have you heard of Him whom the heavens adore,
Before Whom the hosts of them fall?
How He left the choirs and anthems above
For earth in its wailings and woes,
To suffer the shame and the pain of the cross,
And die for the life of His foes?
O Prince of the Noble! O Sufferer divine!
What sorrow and sacrifice equal to Thine?

Have you heard this tale, the best of them all,
The tale of the Holy and True?
He dies, but His life now in untold souls
Lives on in the world anew;
His seed prevails, and is filling the earth,
As the stars fill the skies above.
He taught us to yield up the love of life
For the sake of the life of love.
His death is our life, His loss is our gain,
The joy for the fear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
  Who for others do give up your all;
Our Saviour hath told you, the seed that would grow
  In earth's dark bosom must fall;
Must pass from the view and die away,
  And then will the fruit appear;
The grain that seems lost in the earth below
  Will return many fold in the ear;
By death comes life, by loss comes gain,
The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

HENRY HARBAUGH.

18] *Give not thy heart unto sorrow.*

SIRACH 38.

THE SILENCE

When laughing 'round the leaping fire tonight,
  We think of you, yet never speak your name
Lest sudden sparks of memory grow too bright
  And burst into a softly shuddering flame
To burn our happiness and leave it waste.
  Do you then long to leave your mystic lands
For one brief earthly hour, once more to taste
  The little human joys, the clasping hands
Of those who loved you and would hold you still
  Dearer than friends who closely 'round them press?
Or are you far away, and must we fill
  Our aching dreams with fruit or bitterness?
O, Death, with hand fast clenched, we plead anew—
  Loosen thy grip, and let one whisper through.

WILFRID L. RANDALL.

I will love thee, O Lord, my strength.

2] *The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust: my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.*

Psalm 18.

BALLAD OF TREES AND THE MASTER

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame.
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him
The thorn tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content.
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame.
When death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last;
'Twas on a tree they slew Him—last
When out of the woods He came.

Sidney Lanier.

Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God.

1 John 3.1.

24] *Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory.*

25] *Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee.*

26] *My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.*

Psalm 73.

IN PARVO

I do not ask for dreams come true,
  Nor ships to my Enchanted Isle;
My only wish, the long day through,
  To see again his smile.

I hear them chanting o'er the dust,
  His shining deeds, his star-strewn way;
Yet loveliest of all was just
  His living day by day.

There falls, far-echoing through the night,
  His perfect singing otherwhere;
But, oh, the anguish in the sight
  Of this, his empty chair.

Nor spires nor creeds have ever yet
  Fashioned for me a paradise;
But all my unfaith I forget,
  Remembering his eyes.

—H. C. B.

But if from thence thou shalt seek the Lord thy God, thou shalt find him, if thou seek him with all thy heart and with all thy soul.

DEUTERONOMY 4.29.

MORS BENIGNA

I do not think of him as one who stalks, a helpless enemy,
Who some day will blot out the sun, and lay relentless hands on me;

Nay, rather do I think of him as one who in all kindness waits
At the road's end, when shadows dim, to draw me gently through his gates.

And lead me, like some kindly host that gives a long expected guest
The comfort that he craves the most—the hospitality of rest.

So shall I think of him each day, while the road shortens mile by mile,
Guessing the word that he will say—almost familiar with his smile.

No foe with fury in his breath shall charge me from some ambushed place,
For I shall make a friend of Death long, long before I see his face.

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

JOHN 3.16.

UPHILL

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
  Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
  From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place?
  A roof when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
  You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
  Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
  They will not keep you waiting at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel sore and weak?
  Of labor you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
  Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

2] *In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.*

3] *And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.*

4] *And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.*

JOHN 14.

51] *Behold, I shew you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed,*

52] *In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.*

53] *For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.*

54] *So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory.*

55] *O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?*

1 CORINTHIANS 15.

REST

28] *Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*

29] *Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.*

30] *For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.*

MATTHEW II.

THE END OF THE ROAD

What shall I find at the end of the road?
Faith, I cannot tell!
But I know my shoulders will miss the load
They have borne, or ill or well.

What shall I find at the end of the road?
Better I should not know.
But my back will miss the whip and goad
On the new way which I go.

Shall I find sweet rest? Ah, yes! I know
At least I will come to this;
And I pray, dear heart, your face will show
Me the path to the plains of bliss.

EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY.

Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you.

James 4.8.

47] *But Solomon built him an house.*

48] *Howbeit the most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands: as saith the prophet,*

49] *Heaven is my throne, and earth is my footstool: what house will ye build me? saith the Lord: or what is the place of my rest?*

50] *Hath not my hand made all these things?*

Acts 7.

HE CARETH

What can it mean? Is it ought to Him
That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
Around His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss unruffled by any strife.
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me
While I live in this world where the sorrows be;
When the lights die down from the path I take,
When strength is feeble and friends forsake;
When love and music, that once did bless,
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayers,
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang o'er me the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong;
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Savior—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that heart above;
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He comforts me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden, for He is strong,
He stills the sigh and awakens the song;
The sorrow that bowed me down he bears,
And loves and pardons *because he cares.*

Let all who are sad take heart again;
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love.

ANONYMOUS.

20] *Deceit is in the heart of them that imagine evil: but to the counsellors of peace is joy.*

21] *There shall no evil happen to the just.*

PROVERBS 12.

For I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more.

HEBREWS 8.12.

But I think the King of that country comes out from among His tireless host,
And walks in this world of the weary, as if He loved it the most;
For here in the dusty confusion, with eyes that are heavy and dim,
He meets again the laboring men who are looking and longing for Him.

He conceals the curse of Eden, and brings them a blessing instead;
Blessed are they that labor, for Jesus partakes of their bread.
He puts His hand to their burdens, He enters their homes at night;
Who does his best shall have as guest the Master of life and light.

This is the gospel of labor—ring it, ye bells of the kirk—
The Lord of love came down from above, to live with the men who work.
This is the rose that He planted here in the thorn cursed soil—
Heaven is blest with perfect rest, but the blessing of earth is toil.

Henry Van Dyke.

For thus saith the Lord God, the Holy One of Israel; In returning and rest shall ye be saved; in quietness and in confidence shall be your strength . . .

Isaiah 30.15.

REST

As a tired mother when the day is o'er
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;
So nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

And my people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places.

ISAIAH 32.18.

He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble which He doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord *does care.*

ANONYMOUS.

INVOCATION OF PEACE AFTER THE GAELIC

Deep peace I breathe into you,
O weariness, here:
O ache, here!
Deep peace, a soft white dove to you;
Deep peace, a quiet rain to you;
Deep peace, an ebbing wave to you!
Deep peace, red wind of the east from you;
Deep peace, grey wind of the west to you;
Deep peace, dark wind of the north from you;
Deep peace, blue wind of the south to you!
Deep peace, pure red of the flame to you;
Deep peace, pure white of the moon to you;
Deep peace, pure green of the grass to you;
Deep peace, pure brown of the earth to you;
Deep peace, pure grey of the dew to you,
Deep peace, pure blue of the sky to you!
Deep peace of the running wave to you,
Deep peace of the flowing air to you,
Deep peace of the quiet earth to you,
Deep peace of the sleeping stones to you!
Deep peace of the Yellow Shepherd to you,
Deep peace of the Wandering Shepherdess to you,
Deep peace of the Flock of Stars to you,
Deep peace from the Son of Peace to you,
Deep peace from the heart of Mary to you,
From Bidget of the Mantle deep peace, deep peace!
And with the kindness too of the Haughty Father, peace!
In the name of the Three who are One,
And by the will of the King of the Elements,
Peace! Peace!

FIONA MACLEOD.

Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. . . .

Jeremiah 6.16.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.

Robert Louis Stevenson.

Come, my people enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast.

Isaiah 26.20.

Thus saith the Lord, the heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool: where is the house that ye build unto me? and where is the place of my rest?

2] *For all those things hath mine hand made, and all those things have been, saith the Lord: but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at my word.*

Isaiah 66.

PEACE

Never a sigh through the livelong day,
  Never a sigh;
But a laughing face and a cup of joy
  As the hours flew by.
But where were the peace that follows grief
When the morrow's light has brought relief,
  If never a sigh?

Never to part through the livelong day,
  Never to part;
But to walk together in weal and woe
  With gladsome heart.
But where were the peace that follows pain
When severed souls have met again,
  If never to part?

Never a prayer through the livelong day,
  Never a prayer;
But all things granted, and all things won,
  And a truce to care.
But where were the peace that comes from heaven
With blessings sought and daily given,
  If never a prayer?

Never a cross through the livelong day,
  Never a cross;
But all things right that are now most wrong;
  All gain, no loss.
But where were the peace our days might hold
With heaven's love ours, when earth-love grows cold,
  If never a cross?

Kathleen R. Wheeler.

Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song: he also is become my salvation.

Isaiah 12.2.

IN PATHS APPOINTED

Far among the lonely hills,
  As I lay beside my sheep,
Rest came down upon my soul
  From the everlasting deep.

Changeless march the stars above,
  Changeless morn succeeds to even;
And the everlasting hills,
  Changeless watch the changeless heaven.

See the rivers, how they run,
  Changeless to the changeless sea;
All around is forethought sure,
  Fixed will and stern decree.

Can the sailor move the main?
  Will the potter heed the clay?
Mortal! where the spirit drives,
  Thither must the wheels obey.

Neither ask nor fret, nor strive:
  Where thy path is thou shalt go.
He who made the streams of time
  Wafts thee down to weal or woe.

Charles Kingsley.

7] *And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.*

8] *Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.*

9] *Those things, which ye have both learned, and received, and heard, and seen in me, do: and the God of peace shall be with you.*

PHILIPPIANS 4.

COMMANDMENTS

Praise ye the Lord. Blessed is the man that fearest the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments.

PSALM 112.1.

We measure men by moral standards; we know them by their characteristics. If moral character is the matter of supreme importance, upon what foundation shall we build it? I know of no moral standard worthy of the name that was not built upon religion. And even if it were possible to find a moral standard whose foundations go down so deep or extend so far back that a religious basis for it could not be found, no such system will be possible in the future. Unless some great catastrophe shall destroy all that man now knows, there will never be found in the ages yet to come a group of men anywhere capable of formulating a moral code whose ideas on the subject of morals will not have been colored by the Sermon on the Mount, so all pervading is the thought of the Nazarene.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2] *And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,*

3] *Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.*

4] *Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.*

5] *Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.*

6] *Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.*

7] *Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.*

8] *Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.*

9] *Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.*

10] *Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for their's is the kingdom of heaven.*

11] *Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.*

12] *Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.*

13] *Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.*

14] *Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid.*

15] *Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.*

16] *Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.*

17] *Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets: I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.*

18] *For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.*

19] *Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.*

20] *For I say unto you, That except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.*

21] *Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment.*

22] *But I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause shall be in danger of the judgment: and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council: but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.*

23] *Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee;*

24] *Leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift.*

25] *Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison.*

26] *Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.*

27] *Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not commit adultery:*

28] *But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.*

29] *And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.*

30] *And if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.*

31] *It hath been said, Whosoever shall put away his wife, let him give her a writing of divorcement:*

32] *But I say unto you, That whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.*

33] *Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths:*

34] *But I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne:*

35] *Nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King.*

36] *Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.*

37] *But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.*

38] *Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth:*

39] *But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.*

40] *And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.*

41] *And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain.*

42] *Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.*

43] *Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy.*

44] *But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you;*

45] *That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good,* *and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust.*

46] *For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same?*

47] *And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so?*

48] *Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.*

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven.

2] *Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.*

3] *But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth:*

4] *That thine alms may be in secret and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.*

5] *And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.*

6] *But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.*

7] *But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.*

8] *Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.*

9] *After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name.*

10] *Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven.*

11] *Give us this day our daily bread.*

12] *And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.*

13] *And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.*

14] *For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you:*

15] *But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.*

16] *Moreover when ye fast, be not, as the hypocrites, of a sad countenance: for they disfigure their faces, that they may appear unto men to fast. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.*

17] *But thou, when thou fastest, anoint thine head, and wash thy face;*

18] *That thou appear not unto men to fast, but unto thy Father, which is in secret: and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly.*

19] *Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal:*

20] *But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal:*

21] *For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.*

22] *The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light.*

23] *But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If therefore the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!*

24] *No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other; or else he will hold to the one, and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.*

25] *Therefore I say unto you, Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?*

26] *Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?*

27] *Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?*

28] *And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin:*

29] *And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.*

30] *Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?*

31] *Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat or, What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed?*

32] *(For after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.*

33] *But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.*

34] *Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*

Judge not, that ye be not judged.

2] *For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged: and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.*

3] *And why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye.*

4] *Or how wilt thou say to thy brother, Let me pull out the mote out of thine eye; and, behold, a beam is in thine own eye?*

5] *Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye.*

6] *Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you.*

7] *Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:*

8] *For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.*

9] *Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone?*

10] *Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?*

11] *If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?*

12] *Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets.*

13] *Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat:*

14] *Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.*

15] *Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves.*

16] *Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?*

17] *Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit.*

18] *A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit.*

19] *Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.*

20] *Wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.*

21] *Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.*

22] *Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?*

23] *And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.*

24] *Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock:*

25] *And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.*

26] *And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them not, shall be likened unto a foolish man, which built his house upon the sand:*

27] *And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.*

MATTHEW 5, 6 AND 7.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun,
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives, but borrows none.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Beloved, follow not that which is evil, but that which is good. He that doeth good is of God: but he that doeth evil hath not seen God.

3 JOHN 11.

And God spake all these words, saying,

2] *I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.*

3] *Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*

4] *Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth:*

5] *Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me:*

6] *And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.*

7] *Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.*

8] *Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.*

9] *Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work:*

10] *But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:*

11] *For in six days the Lord made the heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.*

12] *Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.*

13] *Thou shalt not kill.*

14] *Thou shalt not commit adultery.*

15] *Thou shalt not steal.*

16] *Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.*

17] *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not* *covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.*

EXODUS 20.

It is a plain old book, modest as nature itself, and as simple, too; a book of an unpretending work-day appearance, like the sun that warms or the bread that nourishes us . . . and the name of this book is simply—The Bible.

HEINRICH HEINE.

9] *Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to thy word.*

10] *With my whole heart have I sought thee: O let me not wander from thy commandments.*

11] *Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.*

12] *Blessed art thou, O Lord: teach me thy statutes.*

13] *With my lips have I declared all the judgments of thy mouth.*

14] *I have rejoiced in the way of thy testimonies, as much as in all riches.*

15] *I will meditate in thy precepts and have respect unto thy ways.*

16] *I will delight myself in thy statutes: I will not forget thy word.*

PSALM 119.

For whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the scriptures might have hope.

ROMANS 15.4.

In the poorest cottage are Books: is one Book, wherein for several thousands of years the spirit of man has found light and nourishment, and an interpreting response to whatever is Deepest in him.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

For the Lord giveth wisdom: out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding.

PROVERBS 2.6.

MY BIBLE AND I

We've traveled together, my Bible and I,
Through sunshine and shadow, with smile or with sigh;
In sorrow or sunshine, in tempest or calm,
Thy friendship unchanging, my lamp and my psalm.

We've traveled together, my Bible and I,
When life has grown weary, and death e'en was nigh,
But all through the darkness of mist and of wrong,
I have found thee a solace, a prayer or a song.

So now who shall part us, my Bible and I,
Shall ism, or schism, or new lights who try?
Shall shadow for substance, or stone for good bread,
Supplant its sound wisdom, give folly instead?

Ah, no, my dear Bible! revealer of light,
Thou sword of the Spirit, put error to flight,
And still through life's journey, until my last sigh,
We'll travel together, my Bible and I.

ANONYMOUS.

How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2] *My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.*

3] *Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.*

4] *Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.*

5] *Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.*

6] *Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well; the rain also filleth the pools.*

7] *They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.*

8] *O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.*

9] *Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.*

10] *For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.*

11] *For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.*

12] *O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.*

PSALM 84.

Who builds his church within his heart
And takes it with him everywhere
Is holier far than he whose church
Is but a one-day house of prayer.

MORRIS ABEL BEER.

If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.

Galatians 5.25.

All Wisdom cometh from the Lord, and is with him forever. The sands of the sea, and the drops of rain, and the days of eternity, who shall number?

Sirach 1.1.

DON'TS

For the Great Church of Sunday-Stay-at-Homes

Don't stay away because it rains. That would not keep you from business.

Don't stay away because company came; bring them.

Don't let the Sunday paper keep you: we have something better.

Don't stay away because you are rich; we can help you to cure that.

Don't stay away because you are poor: no charge for admission, or exit.

Don't stay at home from laziness; idle men tempt the Devil.

Don't stay away because you don't care; "don't care" may fill Hells, but it gets nobody out.

Don't stay away because the church is imperfect; should you find and join the perfect church, its perfection would cease.

Don't stay away because you won't be missed in the crowd. God misses you.

Don't stay away because it isn't your denomination; same excuse would keep you out of heaven.

Don't stay away for any reason; except one you can conscientiously give your Maker.

Don't stay away because the church does not need you; never did the church need more and better men.

Don't stay away because you have no influence; the churchgoer preaches a sermon as long as the way thither.

Don't stay away because the church is cold; bring your little blaze, it may set the crowd on fire.

Don't stay away because it's a chore to get ready; make it a matter of conscience and not convenience.

Don't stay away because you are not needed; the stay-at-home citizen loses the election.

Don't stay away because there are plenty there; there are a thousand million non-church goers in the world; you are responsible for one.

Don't stay away because of the children; the boy who eats at your table should sit in your pew.

Don't stay away because you are critical; wouldn't it be interesting to know what God thinks about you?

Don't stay away because the church is doing nothing; every agency for humanity's uplift is born of the church.

ANONYMOUS.

Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.

GALATIANS 6.2.

25] *Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean; from all your filthiness, and from all your idols, will I cleanse you.*

26] *A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh.*

27] *And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments, and do them.*

28] *And ye shall dwell in the land that I gave to your fathers; and ye shall be my people, and I will be your God.*

EZEKIEL 36.

CONTENTMENT

Better is an handful with quietness, than both the hands full with travail and vexation of spirit.

Ecclesiastes 4.6.

CONTENTMENT

Let us learn to be content with what we have, let us get rid of our false estimates, set up all the higher ideals—a quiet home; vines of our own planting; a few books full of the inspiration of a genius; a few friends worthy of being loved and able to love us in return; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse; a devotion to the right that will never swerve; a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love—and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the empty joy it has.

David Swing.

It's no use to grumble and complain,
  It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice;
So when God sorts out the weather and sends rain—
  W'y rain's my choice.

James Whitcomb Riley.

16] *Let not then your good be evil spoken of:*

17] *For the kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.*

18] *For he that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men.*

19] *Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.*

ROMANS 14.

CONTENT

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content;
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent—
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown;
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride or care,
The mean, that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort or mirth's and music's fare.
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss:
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

ROBERT GREENE.

He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall be taken away from off all the earth: for the Lord hath spoken it.

ISAIAH 15.8.

IT ISN'T YOUR TOWN, IT'S YOU

If you want to live in the kind of a town
Like the kind of a town you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike,
You'll only find what you've left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new,
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town,
It isn't the town, it's you.

Real towns are not made by men afraid
Lest somebody else gets ahead,
When everyone works and nobody shirks
You can raise a town from the dead.
And if, while you make your personal stake,
Your neighbors can make one, too,
Your town will be what you want to see,
It isn't the town, it's you.

ANONYMOUS.

Cheerfulness and content are great beautifiers and are famous preservers of good looks. Reflect upon your present blessings, of which every man has many, not on your past misfortunes, of which all men have some.

CHARLES DICKENS.

14] *Blessed are they that wash their robes, that they may have the right to come to the tree of life, and may enter by the gates into the city.*

REVELATION 22.

Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for he hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.

Hebrews 3.5.

CONTENTMENT

Oh, where does sweet contentment bide
  In all the wide world over,
Where shall one go a-seeking it
  Throughout the earth a rover?

It dwells where kinship is and kind,
  And where the hearth flame brightens,
And where the moonbeam from aloft
  The dreaming doorstep lightens.

Contentment waits in quiet ways,
  Where faith finds sanctuary,
Where eyes look into other eyes
  And soul communion carry.

Maude DeVerse Newton.

46] *The Lord liveth; and blessed be my rock; and let the God of my salvation be exalted.*

47] *It is God that avengeth me, and subdueth the people under me.*

48] *He delivereth me from mine enemies: yea, thou liftest me up above those that rise up against me: thou hast delivered me from the violent man.*

49] *Therefore will I give thanks unto thee, O Lord.*

Psalm 18.

When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him.

PROVERBS 16.7.

THE EXILE

I've laid aside earth's broken toys—
  Ambitions, hopes and fears;
The things I could and did not do,
  And disappointment's tears.

I find my joy in simple things
  God left outdoors for me;
The mountains, filled with secrets old;
  The prairie, like the sea;

The music of the mountain stream;
  The quiet of the hills;
The winds that blow across the wold;
  The touch of Christ that thrills.

And here, high up, close to the stars,
  The world seems far away;
I do not dream of it by night,
  Nor think of it by day.

I do not know if this be age,
  Or whether life is spent;
But by a mighty peace within,
  I know I've found content.

ANONYMOUS.

Do not think of your faults, still less of others' faults; in every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it, and, as you can, try to imitate it; and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes.

JOHN RUSKIN.

It is an honour for a man to cease from strife: but every fool will be meddling.

PROVERBS 20.3.

Most of the shadows of this life are caused by our standing in our own sunshine.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

13] *Who is a wise man and endued with knowledge among you? let him shew out of a good conversation his works with meekness of wisdom.*

14] *But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth.*

15] *This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish.*

16] *For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.*

17] *But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy.*

18] *And the fruit of righteousness is sown in peace of them that make peace.*

JAMES 3.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine: but a broken spirit drieth the bones.

Proverbs 17.22.

Nothing on earth can really *smile* but man. Gems may flash reflected light, but what is a diamond-flash compared with an eye-flash and a mind-flash? A smile is a light in the window of the face by which the heart signifies that it is at home and waiting.

There are persons so radiant, so genial, so kind, so pleasure-bearing, that you instinctively feel, in their presence, that they do you good, that their coming into a room is like bringing a lamp there.

Cheerful people are like sunshine, cheering up everybody around them. No one has a right to add to the sorrows of the world by shedding gloom around. Every person creates a certain soul atmosphere, and from his personality radiates whatever of light he has to give. Perhaps one of the most valuable gifts anyone can bestow upon the world about him is a cheerful spirit at all times. Good cheer, based upon joy in the heart, gives wings to the feet, sinews to the legs, muscles to the arms, elasticity to every motion. . . . Mirth is God's medicine. Everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety—all this rust of life ought to be scoured off by the oil of mirth. It is better than emory. Every man ought to rub himself with it. A man without mirth is like a wagon without springs, in which everyone is caused disagreeably to jolt by every pebble over which it runs.

Henry Ward Beecher.

Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than an house full of sacrifices with strife.

Proverbs 17.1.

Whatever the weather may be—says he,
Whatever the weather may be,
It's the songs ye sing and the smiles ye wear,
That's a makin' the Sunshine everywhere.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

5] *And hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us.*

6] *For when we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly.*

7] *For scarcely for a righteous man will one die: yet peradventure for a good man some would even dare to die.*

8] *But God commendeth his love toward us, in that, while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us.*

9] *Much more then, being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him.*

10] *For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life.*

ROMANS 5.

17] *The Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty; he will save, he will rejoice over thee with joy; he will rest in his love, he will joy over thee with singing.*

18] *I will gather them that are sorrowful for the solemn assembly, who are of thee, to whom the reproach of it was a burden.*

19] *Behold, at that time I will undo all that afflict thee: and I will save her that halteth, and gather her that was driven out; and I will get them praise and fame in every land where they have been put to shame.*

ZEPHANIAH 3.

Every life has pages vacant still
Whereon a man may write the thing he will.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

22] *And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying,*

23] *Speak unto Aaron and unto his sons, saying, On this wise ye shall bless the children of Israel, saying unto them,*

24] *The Lord bless thee, and keep thee:*

25] *The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee:*

26] *The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.*

NUMBERS 6.

And thus
Grew willing, having tried all other ways,
  To try just God's. Humility's so good
When pride's impossible.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

12] *For the which cause I also suffer these things: nevertheless I am not ashamed: for I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.*

13] *Hold fast the form of sound words, which thou hast heard of me, in faith and love which is in Christ Jesus.*

14] *That good thing which was committed unto thee keep by the Holy Ghost which dwelleth in us.*

2 TIMOTHY 1.

What, indeed, does the word "cheerfulness" imply? It means a contented spirit; it means a pure heart; it means a kind and loving disposition; it means humility and charity; it means a generous appreciation of others and a modest opinion of self.

William Makepeace Thackeray.

HUM

Keep the ball a-rolling!
Smile and laugh and sing;
Hum, while you're a-strolling,
Bits of anything.

Demon Blues can't conquer
While you hum a song;
Set your thoughts to music,
You can't go far wrong.

This the rule and habit
Of the busy bee;
Humming while she's toiling,
None so gay as she.

Margaret G. Hays.

And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them.

Isaiah 42.16.

Much of the things I have toiled for in life now appear to me, as I approach the period of old age, to be mere froth and scum, and I am satisfied that to give one's self utterly to the good of others, in the ways pointed out in the Christian church, is touching the reality of blessedness in living.

MOSES COIT TYLER.

OUT IN THE FIELDS

The little cares that fretted me,
  I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
  Among the winds at play,
Among the lowing of the herds,
  The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
  The humming of the bees;
The foolish fears of what might happen,
  I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
  Among the new-mown hay,
Among the hushing of the corn
  Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
  Out in the fields with God.

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY.

And thus shall ye say to him that liveth in prosperity, Peace be both to thee, and peace be to thine house, and peace be unto all that thou hast.

I SAMUEL 25.6.

Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.

Isaiah 12.3.

JUST A SMILE

You can drive the clouds away
  With a smile,
  Just a smile;
Turn the darkness into day
  With a smile,
  Just a smile;
Oh, there's nothing, when a man
  Feels the weight of sorrow's yoke,
In this whole wide world that can
  All distress and grief revoke,
    As a smile,
    Just a smile.

How the way is brightened up
  By a smile,
  Just a smile;
Sweetened is the bitter cup
  By a smile,
  Just a smile;
Oh, the world may frown at you,
  And your spirits try to blight,
But the skies are ever blue,
  If you always have in sight
    Just a smile,
    Merry smile.

It's a simple little thing,
  Is a smile,
  Just a smile;
But 'twill joy and gladness bring,
  Will a smile,
  Just a smile;
Many hearts will dry their tears
  And go singing on their way,
And they'll put away their fears,
  Thinking of the glad today,
    By your smile,
    Gladsome smile.

How the heavy burdens fall,
  By a smile,
  Just a smile;
Hope again beams over all,
  By a smile,
  Just a smile;
Lonely lives are cheered each day,
  Duties lightened, hearts made glad,
Heaven's beauty fills the way,
  If to kindly words you'll add
    Just a smile,
    Happy smile!

E. A. BRIMINSTOOL.

He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

PROVERBS 16.32.

Cheerfulness is a direct and immediate gain—the very coin, as it were, of happiness, and not, like all else, merely a check upon the bank; for it alone makes us immediately happy in the present moment and that is the highest blessing for beings like us whose existence is but an infinitesimal moment between two eternities.

ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER.

14] *Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord:*

15] *Looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God; lest any root of bitterness springing up trouble you, and thereby many be defiled.*

HEBREWS 12.

A SMILE

You sent a smile to me. It came across
The room to where I sat and made me glad.
The friendship it bespoke was dear to me
And eased the loneliness I had the while.
Your smile it spoke of sunshine and of cheer,
Of comradeship and happiness
And all the things I hold in life most dear.
I hold it fast, that smile you sent to me
For where it goes no sadness can there be.
It has gone with me all throughout the day
That one dear smile of yours that came my way.

EDNAH L. NORTON.

I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me.

PROVERBS 8.17.

CHEER A BROTHER ON HIS WAY

Cheer a brother on his way,
Have a kindly word to say;
Wish him luck and send him on
Thinkin' of you when he's gone.
If you like him, tell him so,
It will help him just to know
That you're with him, through and through,
In the task he has to do.

Look him in the eye and say
In a manly sort of way
All that's in your heart an' mind,
Many a day he'll look behind
An' remember all you've said
An' he'll bravely march ahead.
He'll fight on with courage grim
Knowin' you have faith in him.

Strength by man is seldom shown
When he has to stand alone;
None so weak, whoe'er he be,
As the man who cannot see
Friendly faces in the throng
Gladly cheering him along.
He is prey to quick despair
Who has nobody to care.

Cheer a brother on his way,
Have a kindly word to say,
He'll go whistlin' down the road
Heedless of the heavy load
That he's bearin' if he knows
You are with him in his woes.
He'll fight hard in troubled days
To be worthy of your praise.

ANONYMOUS.

The habit of viewing things cheerfully, and of thinking about life hopefully, may be made to grow up in us like any other habit.

ANONYMOUS.

8] *Then Peter, filled with the Holy Ghost, said unto them, Ye rulers of the people, and elders of Israel,*

9] *If we this day be examined of the good deed done to the impotent man, by what means he is made whole:*

10] *Be it known unto you all, and to all the people of Israel, that by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom ye crucified, whom God raised from the dead, even by him doth this man stand here before you whole.*

ACTS 4.

Each morning sees some task begun,
  Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
  Has earned a night's repose.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

PLEASURE PICTURES

I paint each day a picture new
Of scenes that pass before my view;
Just common little things to lay
Aside to cheer a gloomy day.

The pictures that I paint are crude—
The colors poor, the drawings rude—
And yet when winter days begin
They let a bit of summer in.

Sometimes I catch a smile or song,
A pleasant face amid the throng—
The simple things that bring a cheer
To dismal days that hearts must fear.

Each day a picture new I make,
And store away to ease the ache
Of days when drizzling raindrops stain
With trickling tears the window pane.

Grant Kyler.

11] *For I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end.*

12] *Then shall ye call upon me, and ye shall go and pray unto me, and I will hearken unto you.*

13] *And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart.*

Jeremiah 29.

TELL SOMEBODY

Let me tell you something, comrade
That I've learned along the way;
If the blessings that life brings you
With each swiftly passing day
Seem as hardly worth the counting,
Since so small are they—so few—
You can double them by sharing
With the comrade next to you.

Have you heard a kind word spoken
To another in his need?
Tell your neighbor about it,
And the little, simple deed
Will make warm your heart in telling,
And the hearts of those who hear
Will be gladdened by their knowledge,
And their lives will share its cheer.

ANONYMOUS.

For I would that ye knew what great conflict I have for you, and for them at Laodicea, and for as many as have not seen my face in the flesh;

2] *That their hearts might be comforted, being knit together in love, and unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding, to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ;*

3] *In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge.*

COLOSSIANS 2.

OVERTONES

I heard a bird at break of day
  Sing from the autumn trees
A song so mystical and calm,
  So full of certainties;
I think no man could listen long
  Except upon his knees,
Yet this was but a simple bird,
  Alone, among dead trees.

William Alexander Percy.

BEAUTY

11] *He hath made every thing beautiful in his time: also he hath set the world in their heart, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.*

12] *I know that there is no good in them, but for a man to rejoice, and to do good in his life.*

13] *And also that every man should eat and drink, and enjoy the good of all his labour, it is the gift of God.*

ECCLESIASTES 3.

I love truth. I believe humanity has need of it. But assuredly, it has much greater need still of the untruth which flatters it, consoles it, gives it infinite hopes. . . . If I were called upon to choose between beauty and truth, I should not hesitate; I should hold to beauty, being confident that it bears within it a truth both higher and deeper than truth itself. I will go so far as to say there is nothing true in the world save beauty.

ANATOLE FRANCE.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

JOHN KEATS.

LIFE IS A LOVELY THING

Long, long ago, when it was spring,
I thought life was a lovely thing;
And now, with snow on dale and hill,
I think so still!

MINNIE CASE HOPKINS.

The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork.

2] *Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.*

3] *There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard.*

4] *Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun.*

PSALM 9.

A POEM TO BE SAID ON HEARING THE BIRDS SING

A fragrant prayer upon the air
My child taught me,
Awake there, the morn is fair,
The birds sing free;
Now dawns the day, awake and pray
And bend the knee;
The lamb who lay beneath the clay
Was slain for thee.

ANONYMOUS.

Beautiful faces;
  Benignly they shine
Among the crowds passing
  Your way and mine.
We note not their features
  Nor color of hair,
But to see is to love them
  For goodness is there.

There's the ash of denial
  And the white scar of pain,
With a sweet, smiling patience
  Where tears left no stain.
We meet them and greet them,
  They pass and are gone,
But the heart keeps the picture
  Forever, anon.

This life to the staunchest
  Is a weary, hard way,
With scarcely more sunshine
  Than clouds in its day;
But every brave singer
  Will smother the sigh
As the beautiful faces
  Smile and go by.

ANONYMOUS.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.

EPHESIANS I.3.

GOOD COMPANY

Today I have grown taller from walking with the trees,
The seven sister poplars who go softly in a line;
And I think my heart is whiter for its parley with a star
That trembled out at nightfall and hung above the pine.

The call-note of a red bird from the cedars in the dusk
Woke his happy mate within me to an answer free and fine;
And a sudden angel beckoned from a column of blue smoke—
Lord, who am I that they should stoop—these holy folks of thine?

KARLE WILSON BAKER.

I will praise the name of God with a song, and will magnify him with thanksgiving.

PSALM 69.30.

I HEAR A LARK AT DAWNING

I hear a lark at dawning,
  The day in music starts;
While roses fair are blossoming
  In the gardens of our hearts.
There's a magic in its music,
  A thrill in every note—
I hear a lark at dawning
  And love flows from its throat.

DANIEL S. TWOHIG.

THE ANCIENT THOUGHT

The round moon hangs like a yellow lantern in the trees
That lie like lace against the sky,
Oh, still the night! oh, hushed the breeze—
Surely God is nigh.

Watson Kerr.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!

Isaiah 52.7.

PRAYER

Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when the soul is kneeling, no matter what the attitude of the body may be.

VICTOR HUGO.

24] *Therefore I say unto you, What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.*

25] *And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have ought against any: that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses.*

26] *But if ye do not forgive, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses.*

MARK II.

Grant that we here before Thee may be set free from the fear of vicissitude and the fear of death, may finish what remains before us of our course without dishonor to ourselves or hurt to others, and, when the day comes, may die in peace. Deliver us from fear and favor: from mean hopes and cheap pleasures. Have mercy on each in his deficiency; let him not be cast down; support the stumbling on the way, and give at last rest to the weary.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

17] *Pray without ceasing.*

21] *Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.*

22] *Abstain from all appearance of evil.*

23] *And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly.*

1 THESSALONIANS 5.

Paul, and Silvanus, and Timotheus, unto the church of the Thessalonians which is in God the Father and in the Lord Jesus Christ: Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.

2] *We give thanks to God always for you all, making mention of you in our prayers;*

3] *Remembering without ceasing your work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sight of God and our Father;*

4] *Knowing brethren beloved, your election of God.*

5] *For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance; as ye know what manner of men we were among you for your sake.*

6] *And ye became followers of us, and of the Lord, having received the word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost:*

7] *So that ye were ensamples to all that believe in Macedonia and Achaia.*

8] *For from you sounded out the word of the Lord not only in Macedonia and Achaia, but also in every place your faith to God-ward is spread abroad; so that we need not to speak any thing.*

9] *For they themselves shew of us what manner of entering in we had unto you, and how ye turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God;*

10] *And to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come.*

1 THESSALONIANS 1.

THROUGH PEACE TO LIGHT

I do not ask, O Lord, that life should always be
A pleasant road;
I do not ask that Thou shouldst take from me
Aught of its load.
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet—
Too well I know the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.

For the one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead—
Lead me aright,
Though strength should falter and though heart should bleed—
Through peace to light.

I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy Hand
And follow Thee.

I do not ask that Thou shouldst always shed
Full radiance here;
Give but a ray of peace that I may walk
Without a fear.

Joy is like restless day, but Peace divine
Like quiet night.
Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
Through Peace to Light.

Adelaide Procter.

Forsake me not, O Lord: O my God, be not far from me. Make haste to help me, O Lord my salvation.

PSALM 38.21.

I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom, and that of all about me, seemed insufficient for the day.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Bow down thine ear, O Lord, hear me: for I am poor and needy.

2] *Preserve my soul; for I am holy: O thou my God, save thy servant that trusteth in thee.*

3] *Be merciful unto me, O Lord: for I cry unto thee daily.*

4] *Rejoice the soul of thy servant: for unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul.*

5] *For thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon thee.*

6] *Give ear, O Lord, unto my prayer; and attend to the voice of my supplications.*

7] *In the day of my trouble I will call upon thee: for thou wilt answer me.*

8] *Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto thy works.*

9] *All nations whom thou hast made shall come and worship before thee, O Lord; and shall glorify thy name.*

10] *For thou art great, and doest wondrous things: thou art God alone.*

11] *Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth: unite my heart to fear thy name.*

12] *I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with all my heart: and I will glorify thy name for evermore.*

PSALM 86.

4] *Lord make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am.*

5] *Behold, thou hast made my days as an handbreadth: and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily every man at his best state is altogether vanity. Selah.*

6] *Surely every man walketh in a vain shew: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches, and knoweth not who shall gather them.*

7] *And now,* Lord, *what wait I for? my hope is in thee.*

8] *Deliver me from all my transgressions: make me not the reproach of the foolish.*

9] *I was dumb, I opened not my mouth; because thou didst it.*

10] *Remove thy stroke away from me: I am consumed by the blow of thine hand.*

11] *When thou with rebukes dost correct man for iniquity, thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth: surely every man is vanity. Selah.*

12] *Hear my prayer, O* Lord, *and give ear unto my cry; hold not thy peace at my tears: for I am a stranger with thee, and a sojourner, as all my fathers were.*

13] *O spare me, that I may recover strength before I go hence, and be no more.*

PSALM 39.

O, powerful Goodness! bountiful Father! merciful Guide! Increase in me that wisdom which discovers in me my truest interest. Strengthen my resolution to perform what that wisdom dictates. Accept my kind offices to thy other children as the only return in my power for thy continual favor to me.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you; . . .
Isaiah 66.13.

A PRAYER FOR THE WANDERER

Lord, we can trust thee for our holy dead;
They, underneath the shadow of thy tomb
Have entered into peace; with bended head
We thank thee for their rest, and for our lightened gloom.

But Lord, our living—who on stormy seas
Of sin and sorrow, still are tempest-tossed!
Our dead have reached their haven, but for these—
Teach us to trust thee, Lord, for these, our loved and lost!

For these we make our passion-prayer by night;
For these we cry to thee through the long day.
We see them not. O, keep them in thy sight!
From them and us, be thou not far away.

And if not home to us, yet lead them home
To where thou standest at the heavenly gate;
That so from thee they shall not farther roam;
And grant us patient hearts thy gathering time to wait.

C. A. Howe.

And call upon me in the day of trouble: I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.

Psalm 50.15.

O Lord, rebuke me not in thine anger, neither chasten me in thy hot displeasure.

2] *Have mercy upon me, O Lord; for I am weak: O Lord, heal me; for my bones are vexed.*

3] *My soul is also sore vexed: but thou, O Lord, how long?*

4] *Return, O Lord, deliver my soul: oh save me for thy mercies' sake.*

Psalm 6.

God answers sharp and sudden on some prayers,
And thrusts the thing we have prayed for in our face,
A gauntlet with a gift in't. Every wish
Is like a prayer, with God.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

24] *O my God, take me not away in the midst of my days thy years are throughout all generations.*

25] *Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth: and the heavens are the work of thy hands.*

26] *They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed.*

27] *But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.*

28] *The children of thy servants shall continue and their seed shall be established before thee.*

Psalm 102.

Call unto me, and I will answer thee, and shew thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not.

Jeremiah 33.3.

FROM THE FOOL'S PRAYER

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
  Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
  Be merciful to me, a fool!

. . . . . .

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
  Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
  We hold the earth from heaven away.
"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
  Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
  Among the heartstrings of a friend.

. . . . . .

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
  Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
  Be merciful to me, a fool!"
The room was hushed; in silence rose
  The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low:
  "Be merciful to me, a fool!"

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.

ISAIAH 41.10.

Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

Psalm 51.10.

DAVID'S PRAYER

10] *Blessed be thou, Lord God of Israel our father, for ever and ever.*

11] *Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine: thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all.*

12] *Both riches and honour come of thee, and thou reignest over all; and in thine hand is power and might; and in thine hand it is to make great, and to give strength unto all.*

13] *Now therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name.*

14] *But who am I, and what is my people, that we should be able to offer so willingly after this sort? for all things come of thee, and of thine own have we given thee.*

15] *For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers: our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.*

16] *O Lord our God, all this store that we have prepared to build thee an house for thine holy name cometh of thine hand, and is all thine own.*

17] *I know also, my God, that thou triest the heart, and hast pleasure in uprightness. As for me, in the uprightness of mine heart I have willingly offered all these things: and now have I seen with joy thy people, which are present here, to offer willingly unto thee.*

I Chronicles 29.

GEORGE ELIOT'S PRAYER

Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence; life
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues. . . .

. . . This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall.

Isaiah 25.4.

Cast me not away from thy presence: and take not thy holy spirit from me.

Psalm 51.11.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Alexander Pope.

Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry, give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

2] *Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.*

3] *Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing; I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.*

4] *Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.*

5] *Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.*

6] *I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.*

7] *Shew thy marvellous lovingkindness, O thou that savest by thy right hand them which put their trust in thee from those that rise up against them.*

8] *Keep me as the apple of the eye, hide me under the shadow of thy wings,*

9] *From the wicked that oppress me, from my deadly enemies, who compass me about.*

Psalm 17.

A MORNING HYMN

God of the morning, at whose voice
  The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And, like a giant, doth rejoice
  To run his journey through the skies.

From the fair chambers of the east,
  The circuit of his race begins,
And, without weariness or rest,
  Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

Oh, like the sun may I fulfill
  The appointed duties of the day;
With ready mind and active will,
  March on and keep my heavenly way.

(But I shall rove, and lose the race
  If God, my Sun, should disappear,
And leave me in this world's wide maze,
  To follow ev'ry wand'ring star.)

Lord, Thy commands are clean and pure.
  Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;
Thy threat'nings just, Thy promise sure;
  Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

Give me Thy counsel for my guide,
  And then receive me to Thy bliss;
All my desires and hopes besides
  Are faint, and cold, compar'd with this.

Isaac Watts.

Give ear to my words, O Lord, consider my meditation.

2] *Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King, and my God: for unto thee will I pray.*

3] *My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.*

PSALM 5.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S PRAYER

We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favor, folk of many families and nations, gathered together in the peace of this roof; weak men and women, subsisting under the covert of Thy patience. Be patient still; suffer us yet a while longer with our broken promises of good, with our idle endeavors against evil; suffer us a while longer to endure, and (if it may be) help us to do better.

Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when these must be taken, have us play the man under affliction. Be with our friends; be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest; if any wake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns to us, our sun and comforter, call us with morning faces and with morning hearts, eager to labor, eager to be happy, if happiness be our portion; and if the day be marked to sorrow, strong to endure it.

We thank Thee and praise Thee, and in the words of Him to whom this day is sacred close our oblation.

For the Lord shall be thy confidence, and shall keep thy foot from being taken.

PROVERBS 3.26.

17] *Lord, thou hast heard the desire of the humble: thou wilt prepare their heart, thou wilt cause thine ear to hear;*
18] *To judge the fatherless and the oppressed, that the man of the earth may no more oppress.*

Psalm 10.

23] *Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts.*
24] *And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.*

Psalm 139.

12] *Thy vows are upon me, O God: I will render praises unto thee.*
13] *For thou hast delivered my soul from death: wilt not thou deliver my feet from failing, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?*

Psalm 56.

I lift my eyes to Him Who only knoweth
And pray that He will bless you in His way.
For with the gifts and grace that He bestoweth
Thou shalt be rich indeed throughout this day.

Anonymous.

And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.

Matthew 21.22.

IN THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST

In the name of Jesus Christ—
To whom the sea is as a drop of water,
And a fleck of dust the land;
To whom the pinions of an eagle are a fan,
And the shadow of a mountain as the shadow of his hand.

I asked for wings in the morning;
Plumed they were, like an eagle for a great ascent;
I asked for wings at night,
And they were folded like a flag when the wind is spent.

I asked in the morning for power,
And it crashed like the tide of the sea over the reverberant floor;
In the evening I asked for peace,
And it rested like the shadow of a mountain upon a quiet shore.

For I asked in the name of Jesus Christ,
To whom the sheaves of shining stars
Are but a harvest ripe for reaping;
To whom the four winds of Heaven
Are but a lullaby for sleeping.

Claudia Cranston.

Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.

John 16.23.

JUST FOR TODAY

Lord, for tomorrow and its needs,
  I do not pray.
Keep me, my God from stain of sin
  Just for today.

Let me both diligently work
  And daily pray,
Let me be kind in word and deed
  Just for today.

Let me be slow to do my will,
  Prompt to obey,
Help me to sacrifice myself
  Just for today.

Let me no wrong or idle word
  Unthinking say,
Set Thou a seal upon my lips
  Just for today.

Cleanse and receive my parting soul,
  Be thou my stay,
Oh bid me if today I die,
  Go home today.

So for tomorrow and its needs,
  I do not pray,
But keep me, guide me, hold me Lord
  Just for today.

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER.

FULFILMENT

The maiden prayed: "God make me beautiful,
Endow me with such fairness that the world
Shall see and own me fair. Oh, grant me power
Great as Egypt's Queen, that men, all men,
Shall call me beautiful beyond compare."

The woman prayed: "God give me power of song;
A voice to thrill and hold the hearts of men.
And make them subjects—slaves of each caprice;
For fires that rage within—I'd find a vent
In song—Oh, grant me, God, the power of song."

And God seemed not to hear; but gave her Life
To live. To maid and woman, sorrows fell
That filled each day and night with pain until
Of all was left her but a woman's soul,
That yet had learned its lesson well; then came
A beauty in her face unknown, undreamed;
So great her power she feared its wrong appliance,
And prayed each day for light and strength,
And music stole into her voice—deep notes
That thrilled men's lives and stirred weak souls to act;
And her power was great beyond compare.
Thus God inscrutable doth answer prayer.

ANONYMOUS.

The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit.

JOHN 3.8.

18] *I thank my God, I speak with tongues more than ye all:*
19] *Yet in the church I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that by my voice I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue.*

1 Corinthians 14.

ABIDE WITH ME

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.
When other helpers fail and comforts flee—
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see—
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power,
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be—
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, Abide with me!

Henry Francis Lyte.

6] . . . *Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us.*
7] *Thou hast put gladness in my heart, more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased.*
8] *I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety.*

Psalm 4.

20] *Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant,*

21] *Make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is wellpleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.*

HEBREWS 13.

The Book We Can't Forget

By CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

Few men have had the privilege of sharing with an appreciative public the knowledge of the greatness of their mothers.

It has been my good fortune to know many notable men who have told me about their mothers, and have stressed the influence that those women have had upon their lives. If you don't mind my citing a friend whom I have often celebrated in this column, Albert Payson Terhune has often told me of the inspiration he received from his talented mother, known to the world of her time as Marion Harland. Her example of hard work, humility in success, and persistence in labor, has meant everything to her son. It was his idealization of her that led him on, year after year, to produce some of the most popular books ever written.

But what I intend to write about is the inspiration behind a new book by Douglas Lurton.

It's called "My Mother's Bible."

I suspect it will be passed up entirely by the smartest among the New York critics, and dismissed as an old-fashioned bit of corn by some others.

I've known Mr. Lurton for several years as a successful editor of magazines. I might interpolate that there are many magazine editors in New York, but very few successful ones.

Lurton is a quiet, unpretentious fellow, with a keen sense of humor and a sharp eye for human values. He was born in the small town of Monticello, Minnesota, 44 years ago. He went to school in North Dakota, served in the army, and was a forest ranger. He came to New York and went into magazining after doing time as a reporter in the Northwest.

Lurton was reared pretty close to the Bible. His mother used that Book as the guide and companion of her daily life. She used her own copy of the Bible as a diary, a scrapbook, a place to jot down thoughts.

Passages of the Bible, read and re-read, suggested to this woman important thoughts about the day's work. When she found a poem that let light into her life, she immediately related its inspiration to some words she remembered out of the Sacred Scripture. She reverently pasted the poem in her Bible, near the passage to which it was related in her mind. Sometimes she wrote on the margin of the page the thoughts that were especially hers, in connection with the poem and the verse.

Mr. Lurton says that that Bible was his inheritance from his mother.

That, of course, is a modest way of putting it. His inheritance includes not only that individualized copy of the book itself, but the character that is formed in a child by such a mother, relying upon such a rule of life as that Book provided for her.

In 366 pages, Mr. Lurton has given us important portions of his mother's Bible with the poems and prose selections that he found between its leaves. He has eliminated the more personal and intimate of his mother's notations, but has given us enough of her personality to arouse admiration in the thoughtful reader.

Well, the clippings in that old Bible include such verse as "The House by the Side of the Road," over the line: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

"Abou Ben Adhem" is in this same section relating to friendship and neighborliness.

James Whitcomb Riley's "Afterwhiles" is next to this line:

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."

The final stanze of Matthew Arnold's "Dover Beach," with all its pained expression of skepticism and of reliance only upon the love of another human, is appropriately twinned with the passage beginning:

"But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting."

The last poetical selection in this remarkable personal Bible is that grand old hymn beginning:

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide.
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide.

Beneath it begin the selection from the Fourth Psalm:

"Lord, lift thou up the light of they countenance upon us."

This is a book that will cause many of us to dig out our mothers' Bibles, to search among their pages for light and comfort.

I brought out mine, a huge, well-worn book, from a cupboard in the study, today. I found some clippings between its leaves. They recorded the marriages of two daughters, and other intimate family matters.

But the sight of those thumbed pages and the perfume of the old pages brought back the days when Mother used to permit me to go into the parlor, on hot summer afternoons, to read the Bible, stretched out on the floor.

The coolness of the "front room" may have had as much to do with my reading as the love of the Bible.

But the Book grew upon me, day by day and year by year. As, I believe, this book, "My Mother's Bible," will grow upon many readers.

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The Author

Douglas Lurton was born in Monticello, Minnesota, in 1897, the son of the well known educator, Dr. Freeman E. Lurton. He attended the University of North Dakota and for periods was a law student, soldier and forest ranger until he began his career as a journalist.

He was Drama Editor of the *Minneapolis Daily News*, City Editor of the *Minneapolis Star*, Managing Editor of a number of magazines, including *The Literary Digest*. Mr. Lurton has contributed to numerous periodicals, and is the editor of a group of national magazines, the leader of which is *Your Life*, the Magazine Guide to Desirable Living. He is a recognized authority on life problems, and has given counsel and help to many thousands of persons in all parts of the world. In these contacts with troubled folk in all walks of life Mr. Lurton has sensed an increasing yearning for spiritual help and inspiration such as he found in the underscored passages and inserted verses of comfort and guidance in his mother's Bible, and because of this he has prepared this volume.

The Jefferson Bible

Last year Mr. Lurton "rediscovered," edited and wrote the introduction for the best selling modern edition of "The Life and Morals of Jesus of Nazareth" by Thomas Jefferson. This treasury had lain almost forgotten in our National Museum until Mr. Lurton put it into book form. It is the exquisite story of Jesus as told in His words, and His words only — a beautiful book which brings new comfort, new strength and spiritual consolation to every Christian.

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